

*RETURNING TO A NORMAL LIFE  
AMIDST THE CHAOS OF WAR*

# **DANZIG - 1943**



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## RETURNING TO A NORMAL LIFE AMIDST THE CHAOS OF WAR

*The following morning, I found myself waking up in the back seat of our somewhat worn-out vehicle, where I unexpectedly struck up a profound conversation with a young Waffen SS soldier who had just arrived on leave after serving in a conflict-ridden unit in Ukraine.*

*He appeared to be a decent young man, probably no older than twenty, yet there was an*







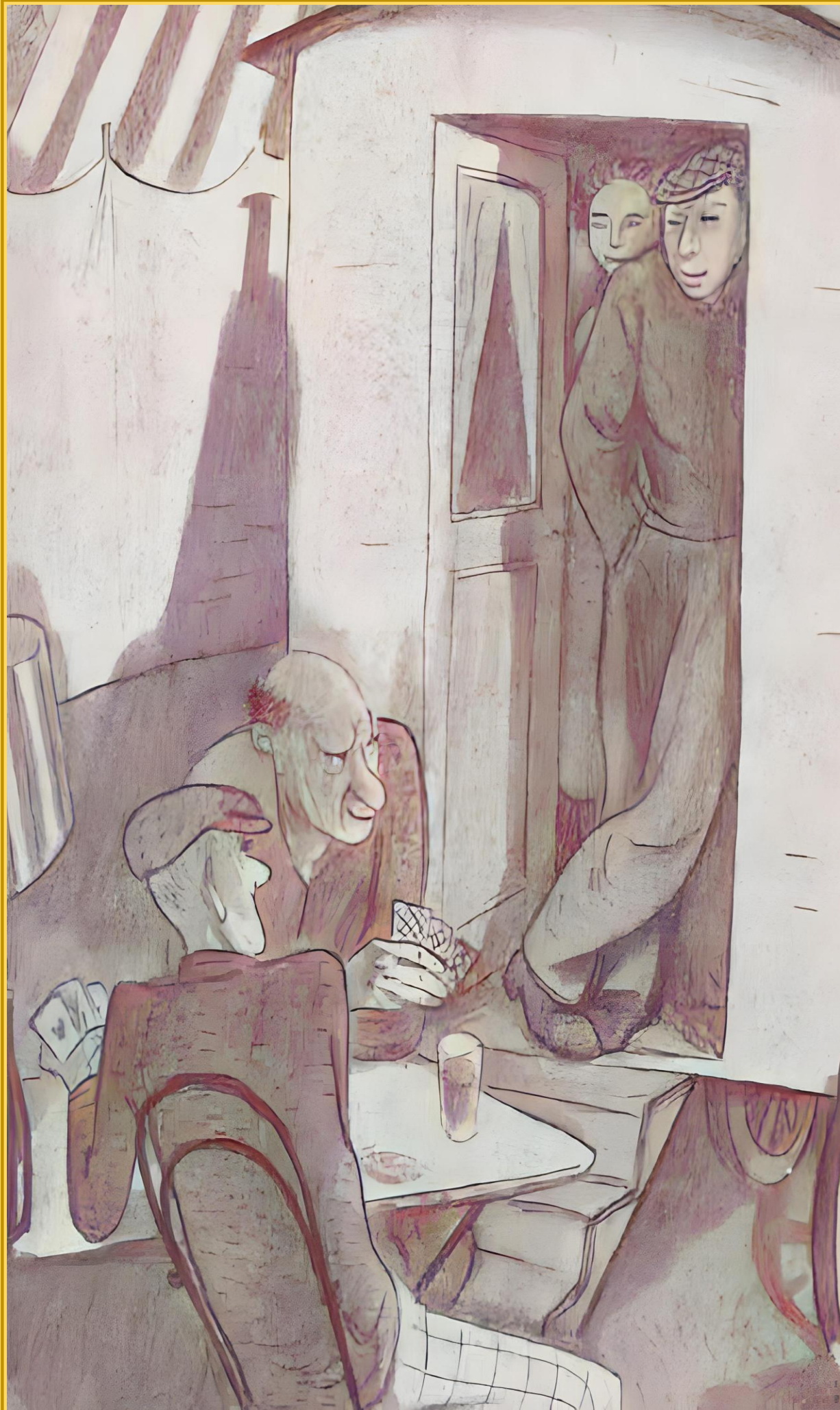
# RETURNING TO A NORMAL LIFE AMIDST THE CHAOS OF WAR

*undeniable weight to his  
demeanor that suggested a  
maturity far beyond his years.  
His posture was rigid, and the  
way he spoke was marked by a  
caution that hinted at the  
burdens he carried.*

*As we exchanged thoughts, it  
became clear that the  
experiences he had endured  
had shaped him in ways that  
belied his age, revealing a  
complexity and depth that*

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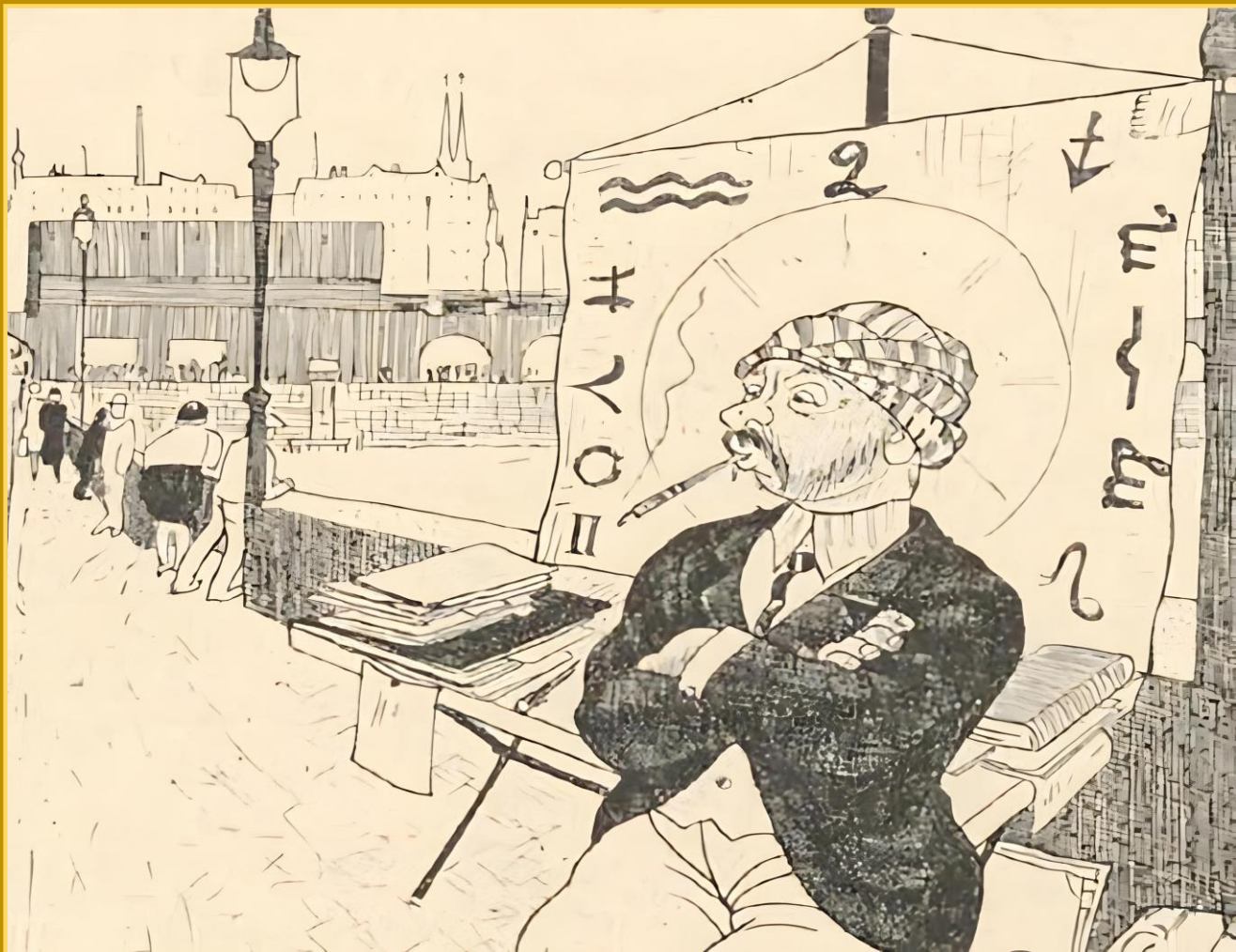




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*made our dialogue both  
intriguing and unsettling.  
I distinctly remember my  
attempts to engage him in  
conversation about the war,  
especially as the news trickling  
in hinted that the year 1944  
would pose significant  
challenges for the stalled  
Children's Crusade against  
Communism.  
It appeared that the Russian  
peasants held a deeper*

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*allegiance to Mother Russia  
than to an army of liberation  
predominantly composed of  
over-educated European youth,  
who were fervently trying to  
secure freedom for the Russian  
workers and peasants from  
their oppressive Soviet rulers.  
Yet, despite the gravity of the  
situation, his thoughts were far  
removed from the battlefield;  
all he really wanted to discuss  
was his longing to return home*

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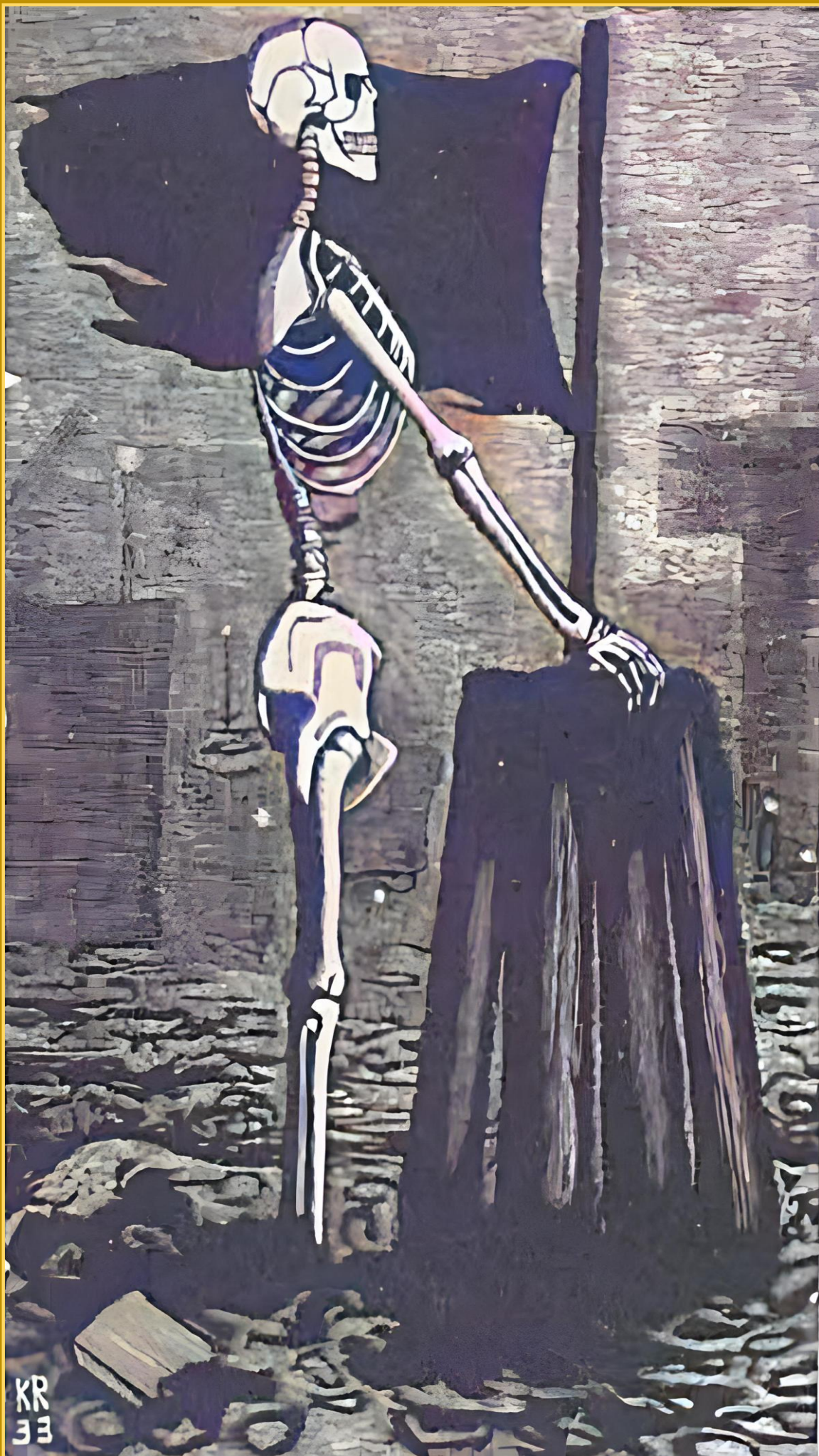


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*to Danzig and reunite with his family.*

*He even shared with me a photograph of a charming girl, whom he proudly claimed was his girlfriend, a glimpse into the life he yearned to return amid the chaos of war.*

*As I sat in the back of the old army truck, rattling down the dilapidated highway, I found myself grappling with the uncertainty of how I had*

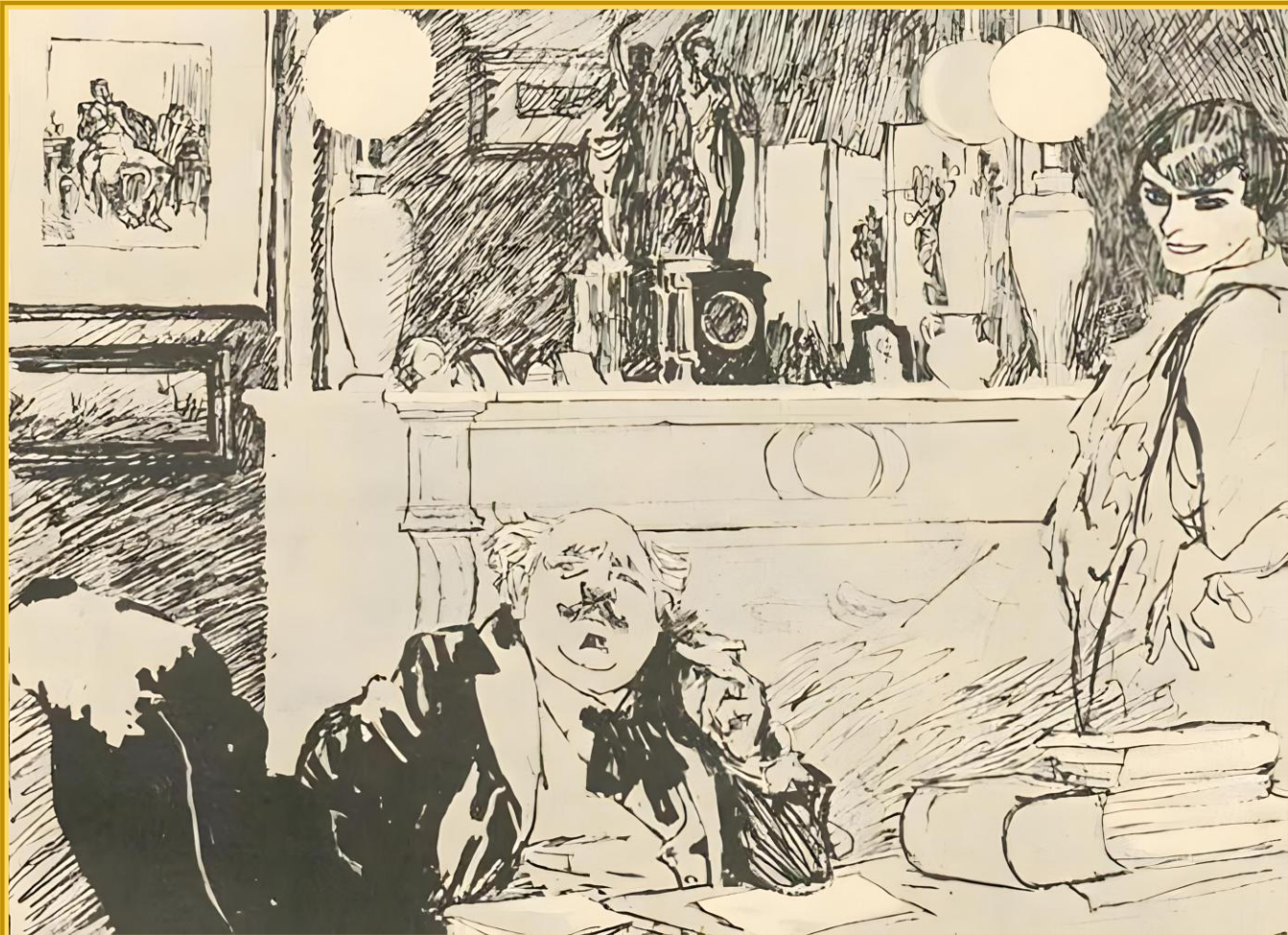
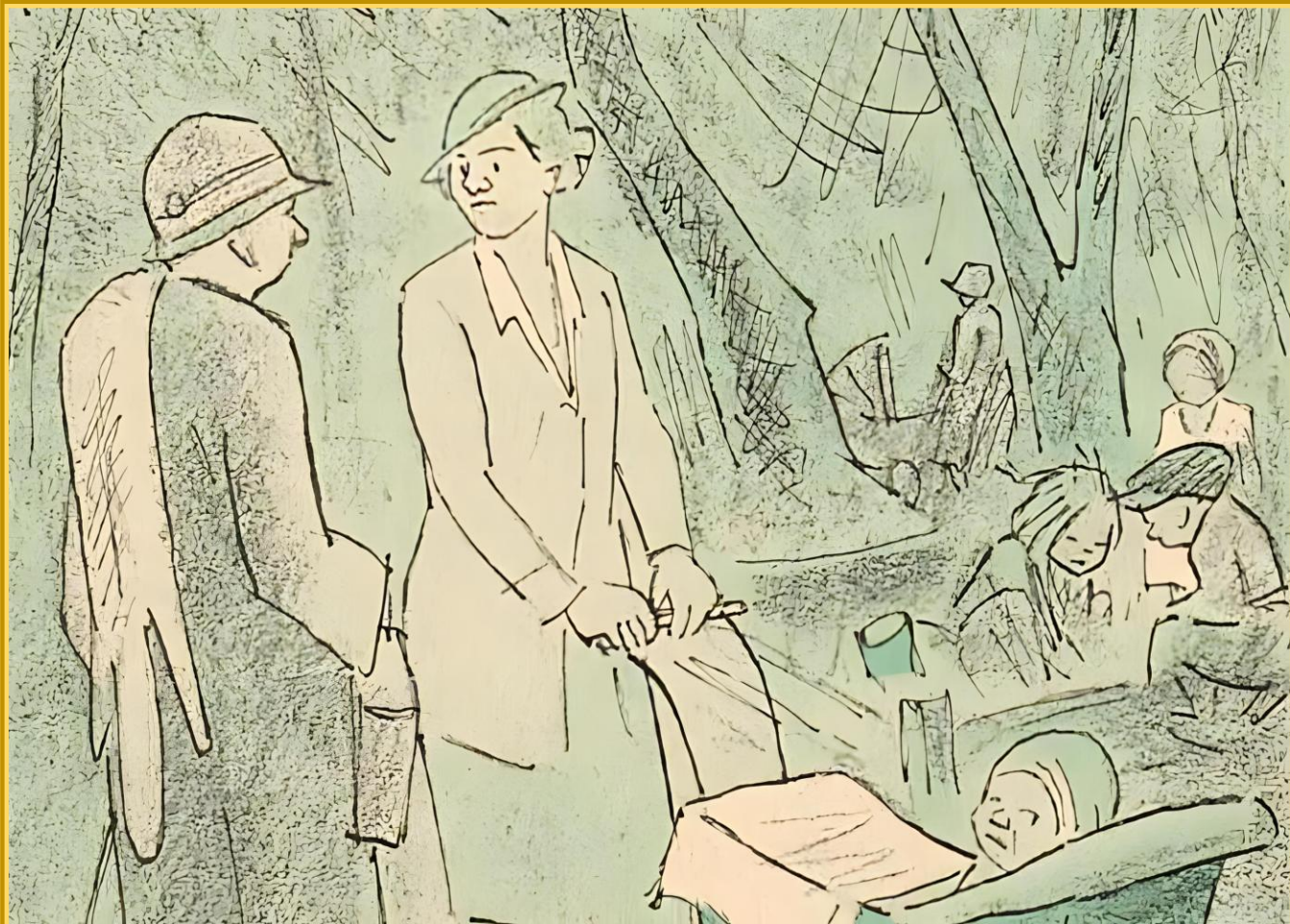




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*arrived at this moment.  
The road, pockmarked and  
uneven, seemed to stretch  
endlessly before me, and I could  
only hope it was leading toward  
the port city of Danzig, a place  
my Prussian friend had  
affectionately dubbed the  
"Jewel of the Baltic."  
Nestled along the East Prussian  
coast, Danzig was a city  
steeped in history and beauty,  
yet my mind was clouded with*







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*questions about the  
circumstances that had brought  
me here.*

*The engine's rumble and the  
truck's jostling motion did little  
to ease my confusion, as I  
pondered the twists of fate that  
had led me to this rugged  
journey, a stark contrast to the  
vibrant life I had back in  
Hamburg.*

*As I slowly regained my  
composure, I instinctively*

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*adhered to my hobo tourist philosophy, springing to my feet and hastily rummaging through my jacket pockets to locate my wallet and transit documents.*

*To my relief, everything was intact and secure, allowing me to relax once more for the remainder of the lorry ride.*

*This journey had likely begun at the old German-Polish border, as all trains heading further east were exclusively reserved*

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*for military personnel or high-ranking VIPs—neither of which I could claim to be.*

*The last time I visited Danzig was during the summer of 1914, a period marked by my reckless abandon and a growing disdain for conventional wisdom.*

*At the center of this tumultuous phase was a strikingly beautiful young communist named Veronica, who lived in a modest*

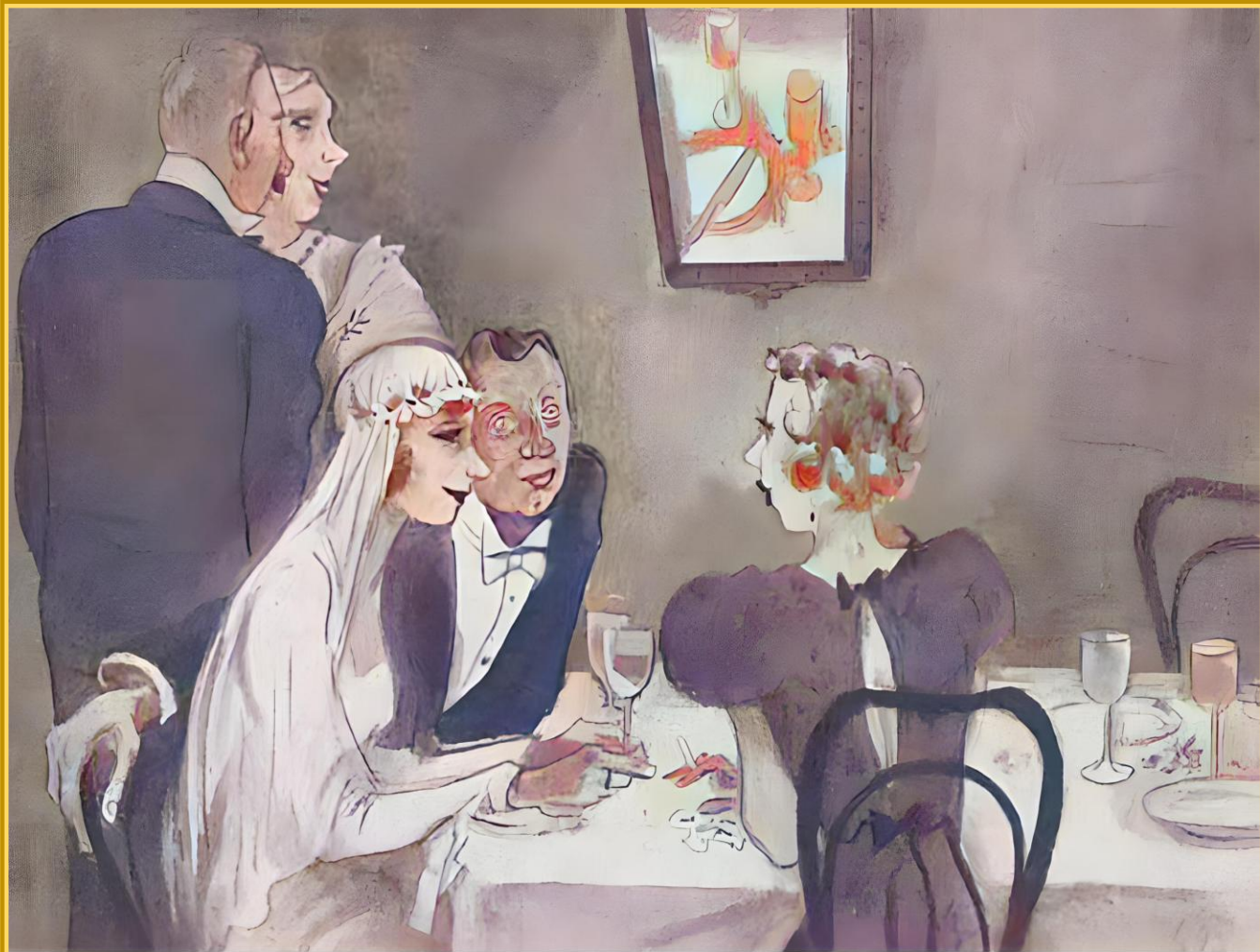
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*dwelling near the beach, just  
north of the bustling port.  
She embodied the spirit of  
freedom, unrestrained by the  
traditional societal expectations  
that bound so many others.  
Her fervent involvement in the  
Danzig Revolutionary Youth  
Movement was a testament to  
her radical beliefs.  
Whispers circulated about her  
Revolutionary Council's  
clandestine practices, which*





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*allegedly included ancient  
Germanic rituals and the  
concoction of mysterious  
potions.*

*I vividly remember her promise  
to guide me toward a path of  
genuine liberation, yet she  
seemed either hesitant or  
unable to specify its exact  
location on any map, leaving  
me both intrigued and  
perplexed by the journey that  
lay ahead.*

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*The last communication I received from her was a letter, which arrived in an unexpected twist of fate while Seine, Claudie, and I found ourselves financially stranded in Madrid, just before the city succumbed to General Franco's advancing forces.*

*In the opening lines of her lengthy correspondence, she quoted a line from an old American Gospel choral piece*







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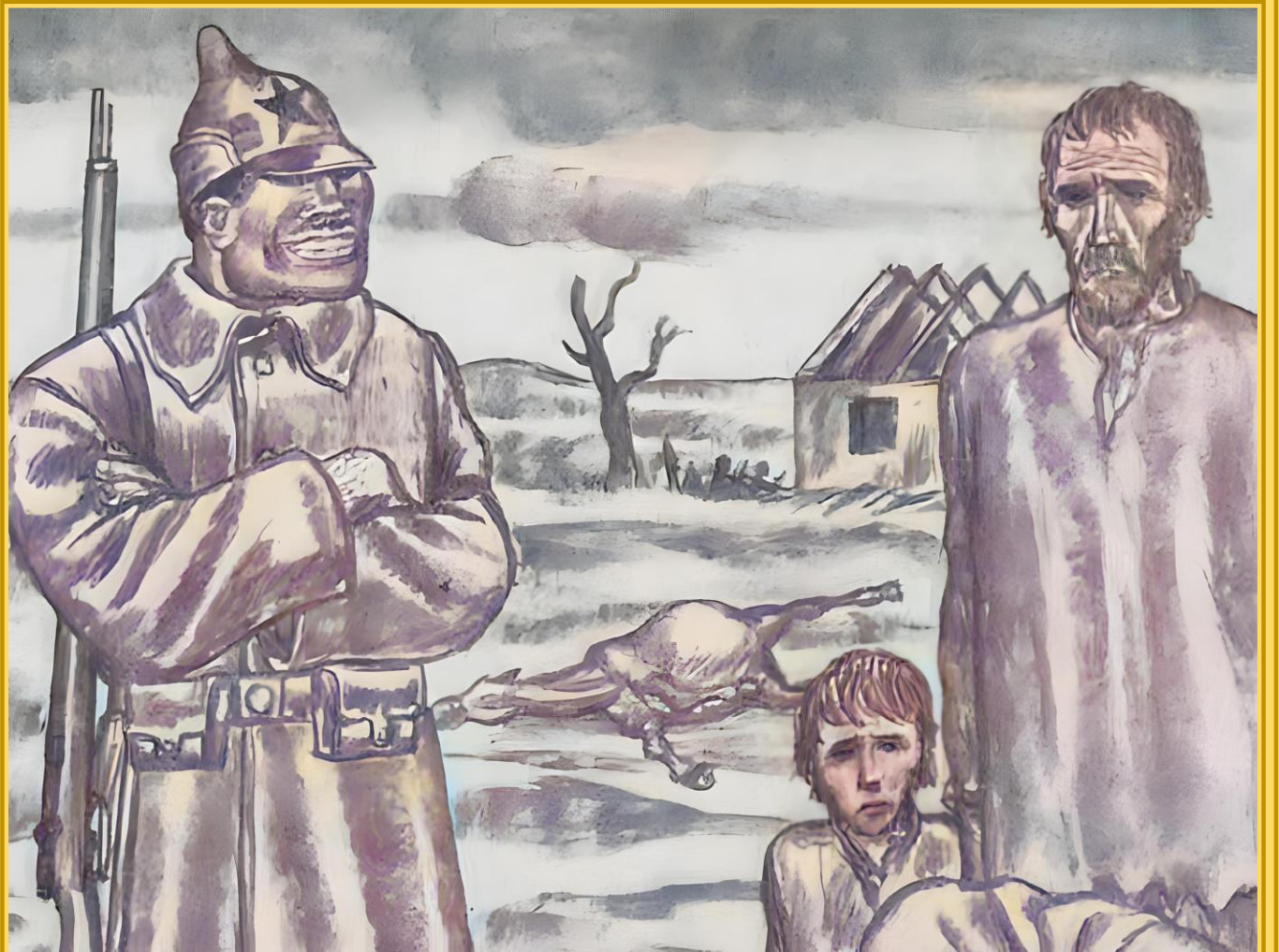
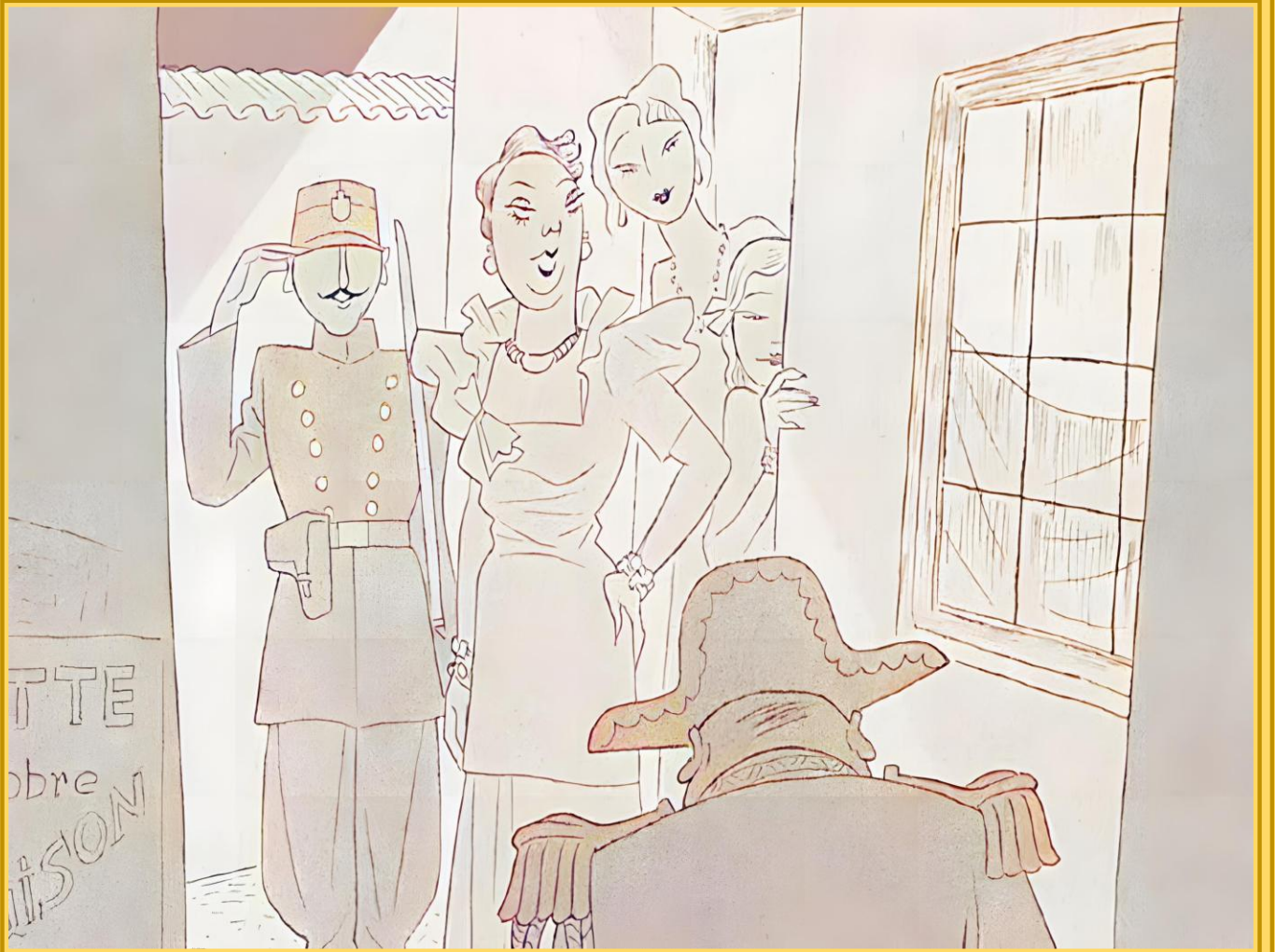
*titled "We Shall Overcome!"  
This poignant choice of words  
has lingered in my mind,  
prompting me to reflect on how  
the letter managed to reach me  
amidst the chaos.*

*My best guess is that a mutual  
acquaintance, perhaps  
someone involved with the  
Republican Defense Guard,  
informed her of my presence in  
the city.*

*Yet, the peculiar circumstances*

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*surrounding its arrival continue  
to haunt me, intertwined with  
my deep-seated desire to  
journey to Danzig.*

*Having recently departed from  
Hamburg, I found myself  
entangled in a web of  
bureaucratic delays, primarily  
due to the overwhelming  
amount of paperwork  
mandated by the German  
Foreign Ministry.*

*This was all a consequence of*

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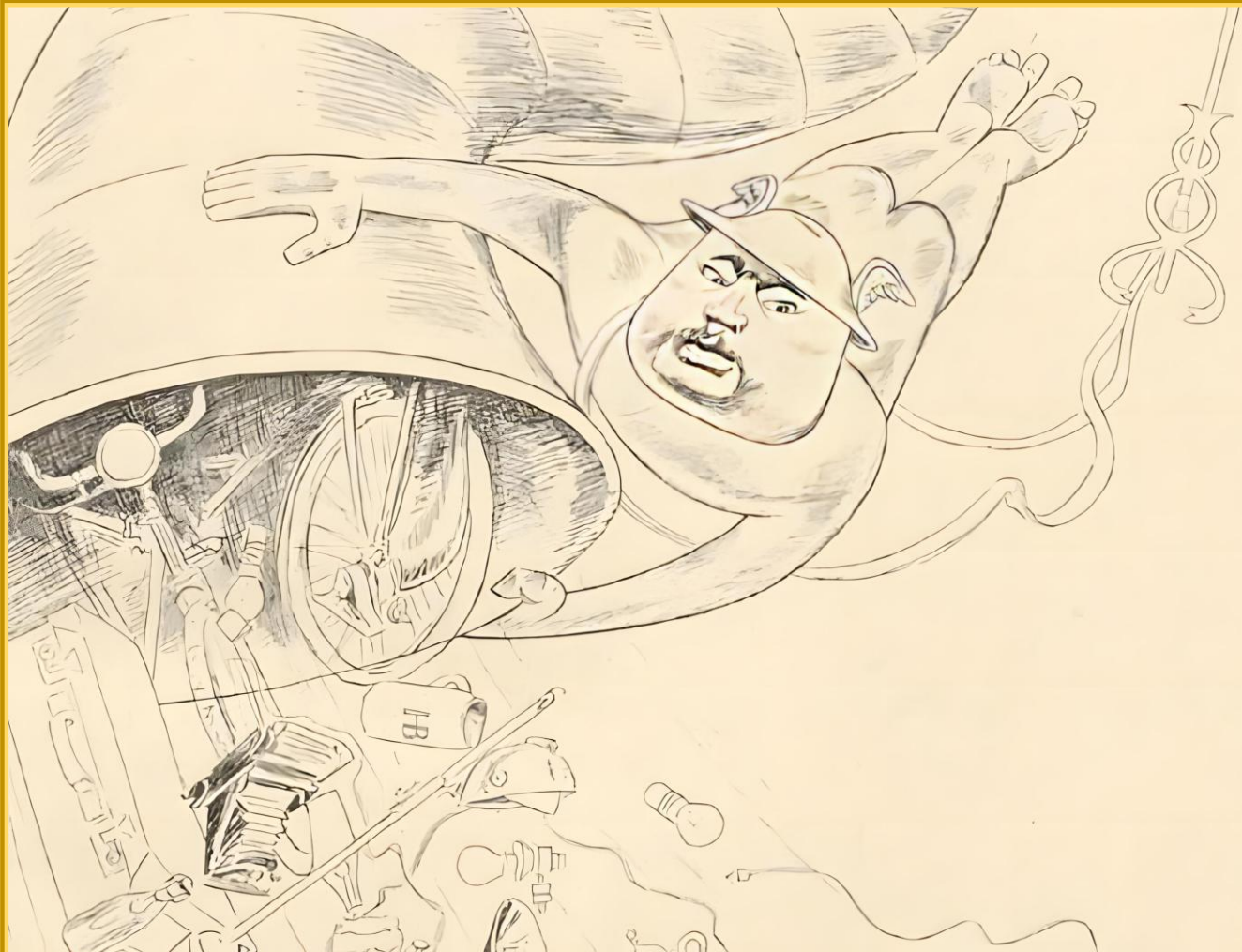


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*my Vichy Passport, a relic of Claudie's grand uncle, who had apparently held a significant position in the government—though that's a tale for another time.*

*My journey was not merely a logistical challenge; it was a misguided, alcohol-fueled quest to locate Veronica, a woman I hadn't seen since 1914 and had lost contact with in the mid-1930s.*

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*Despite the nagging voice of common sense reminding me that if I were to find her, she would no longer be the youthful beauty I remembered, I pressed on.*

*This inner dialogue served as a constant reminder that time is often unkind, and beauty, like youth, is fleeting—an ironic truth that my commonsense seemed eager to illustrate by using me as its prime example.*

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*The young soldier and I share a  
common justification for our  
actions, a sentiment that  
resonates deeply within both of  
us.*

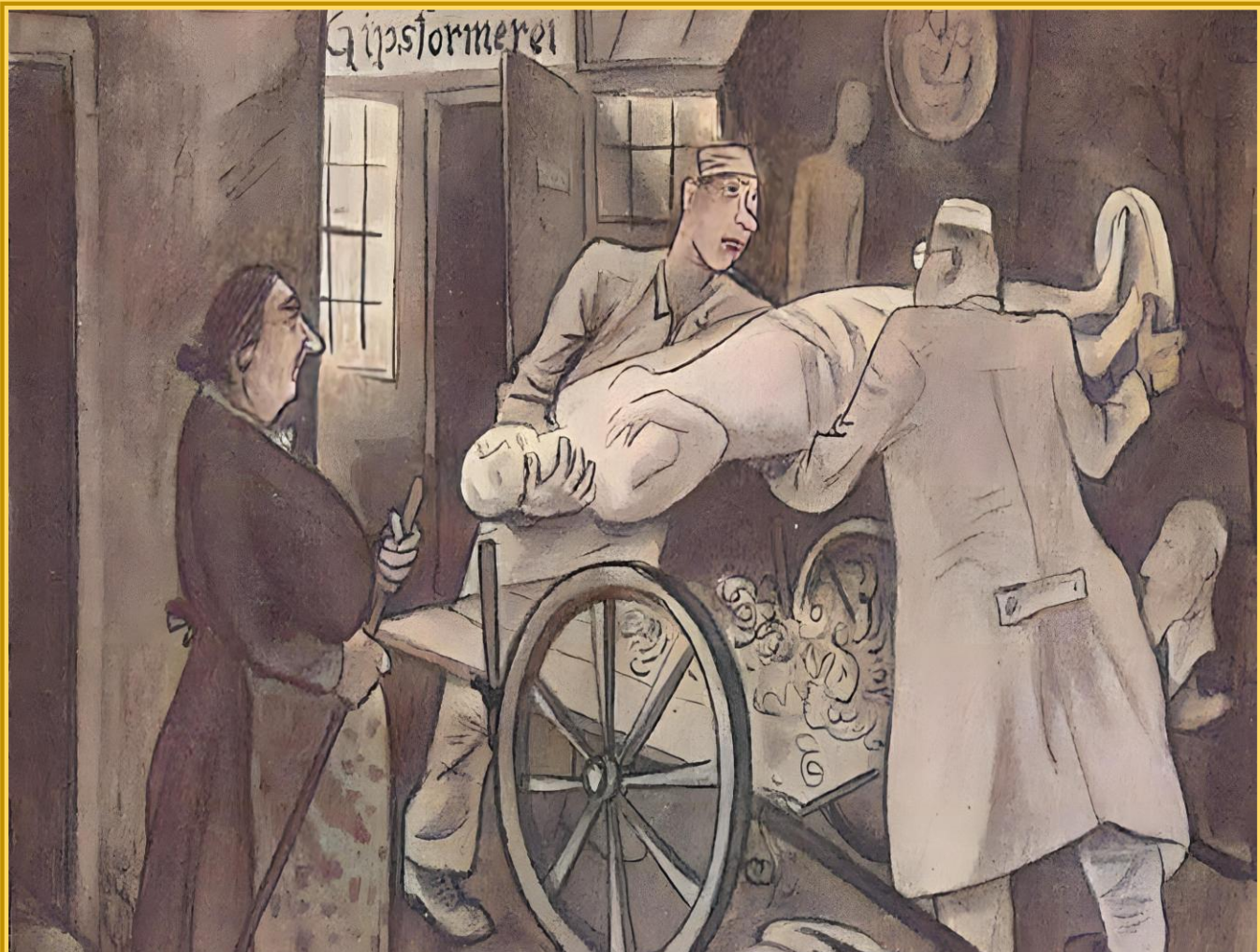
*"What about you, my friend?  
I urge you to be truthful, now."  
- Emil, 1943*







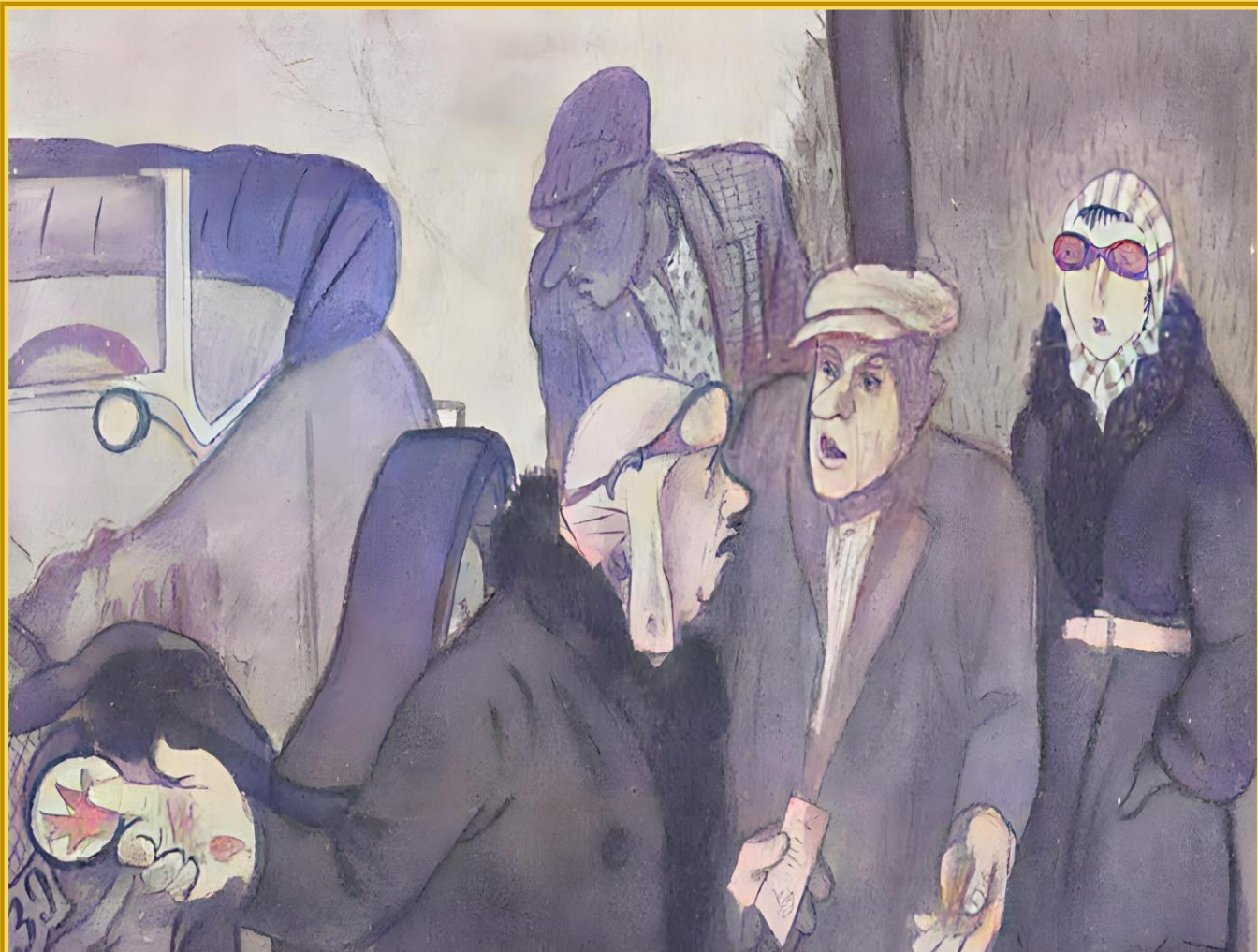
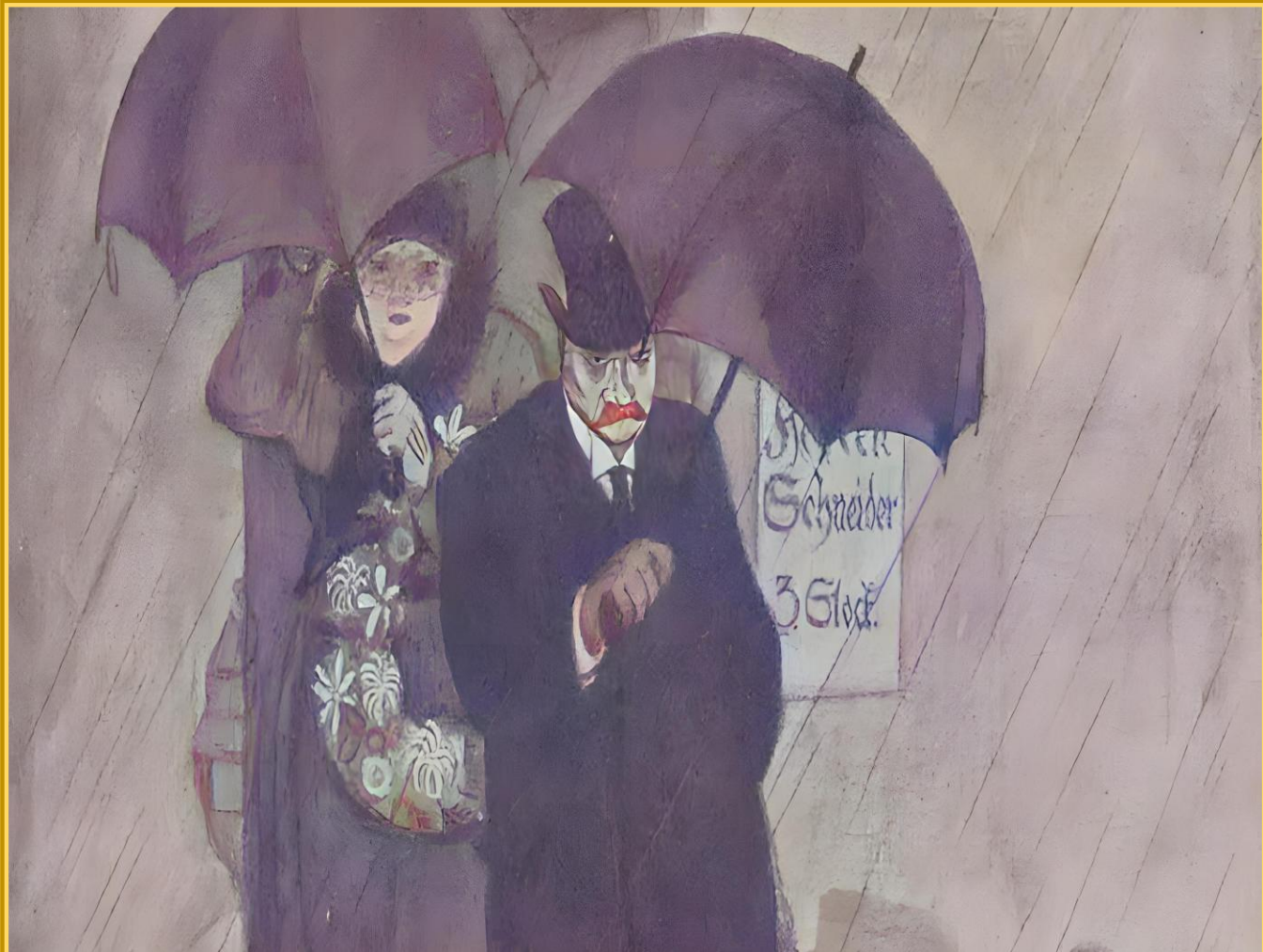
























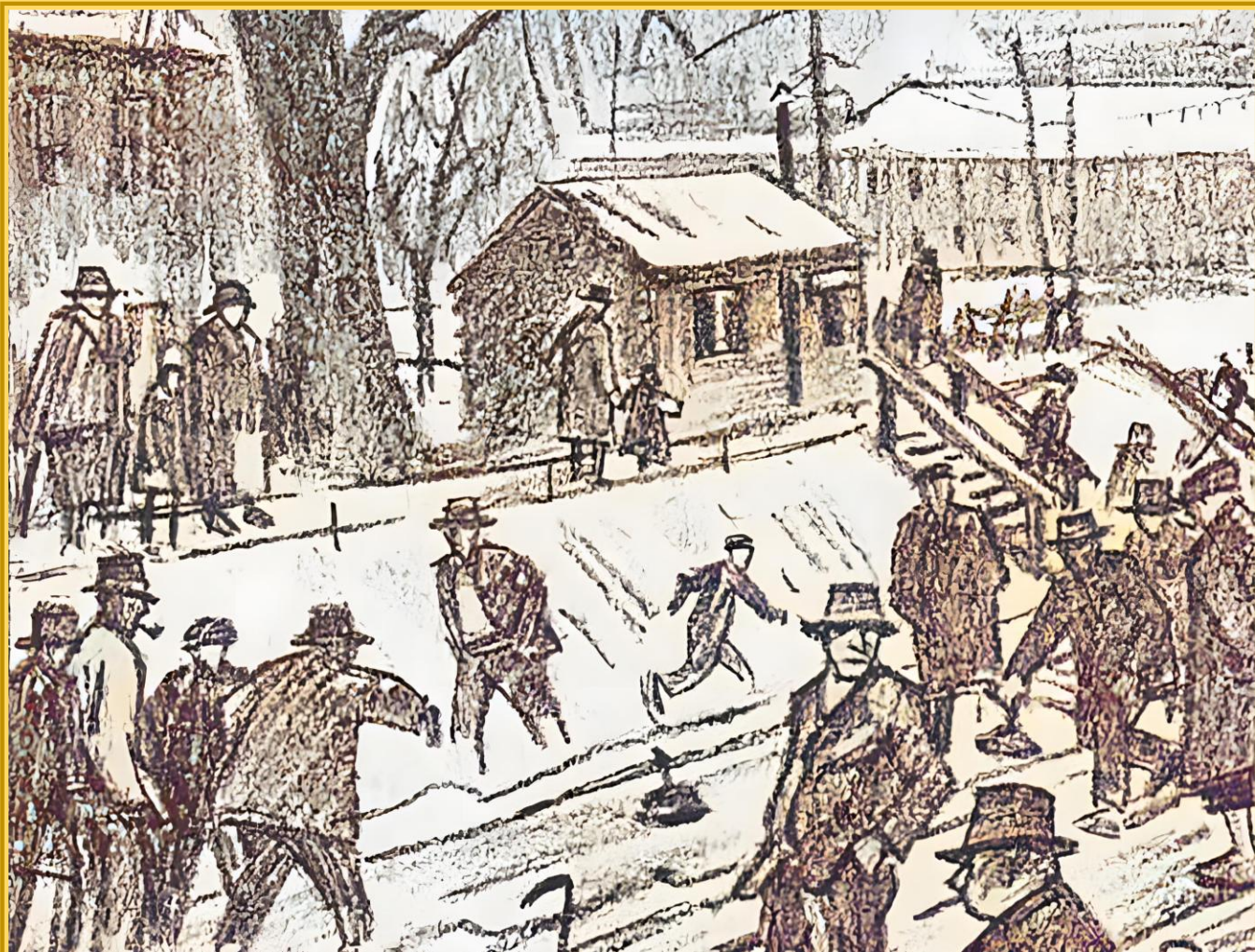
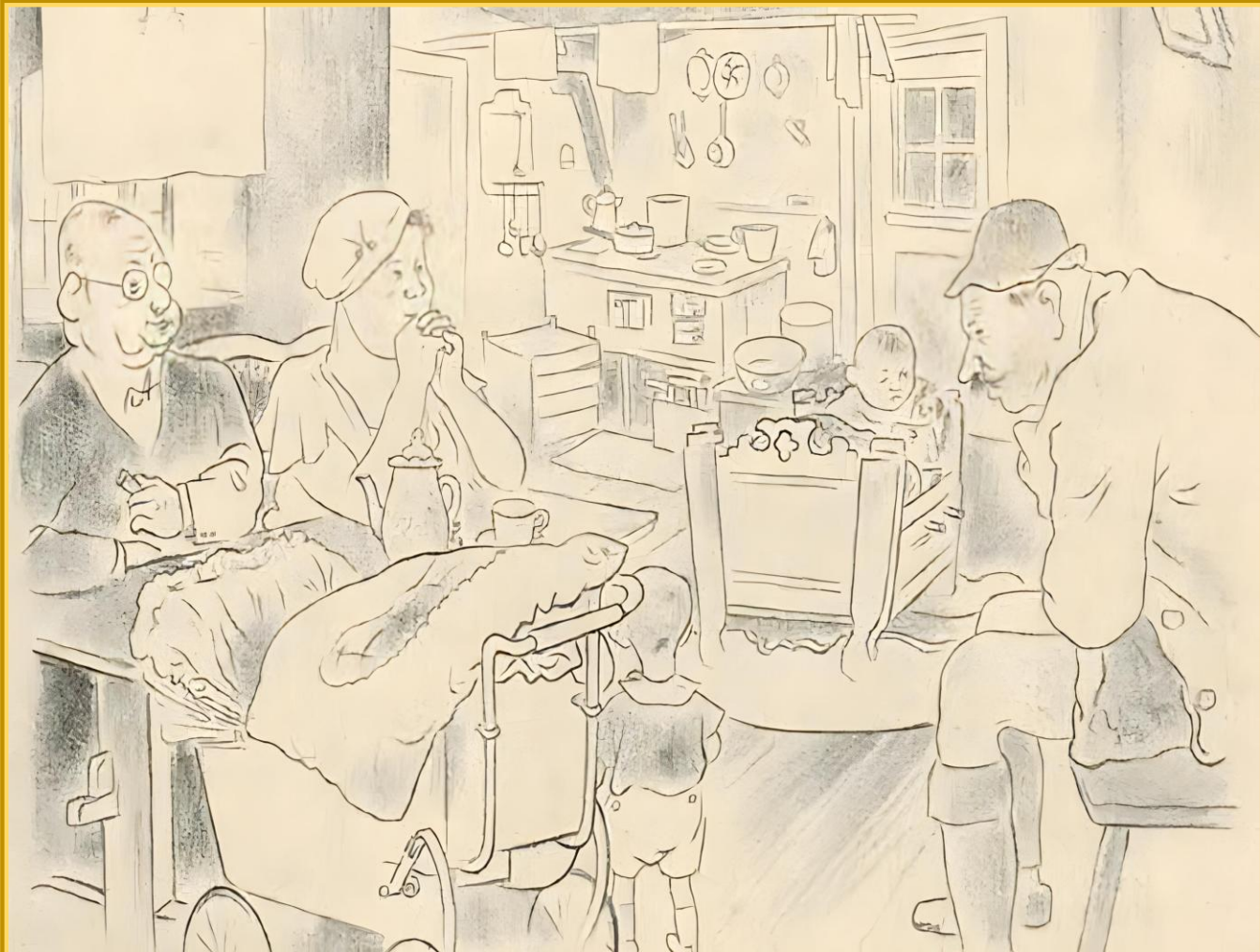




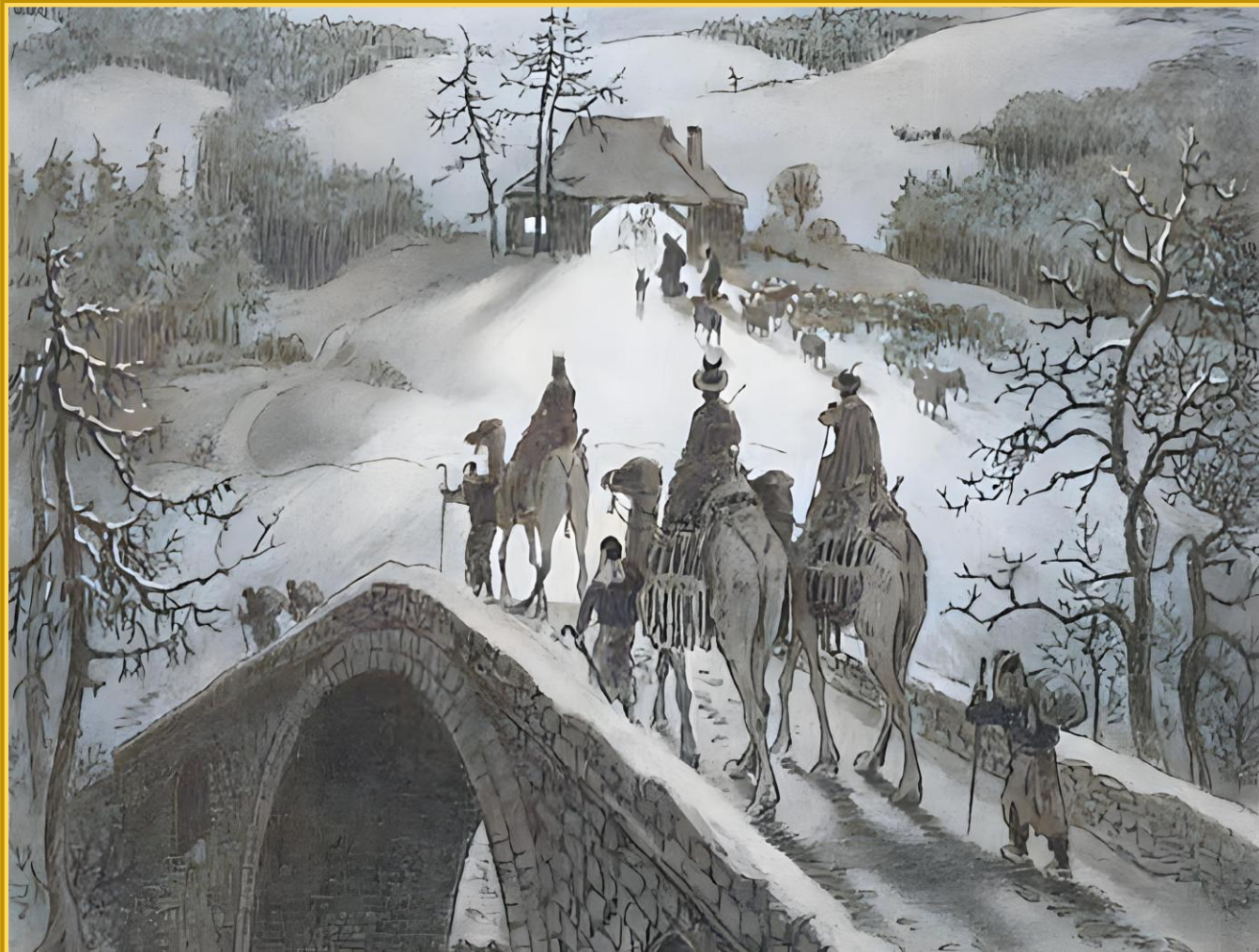




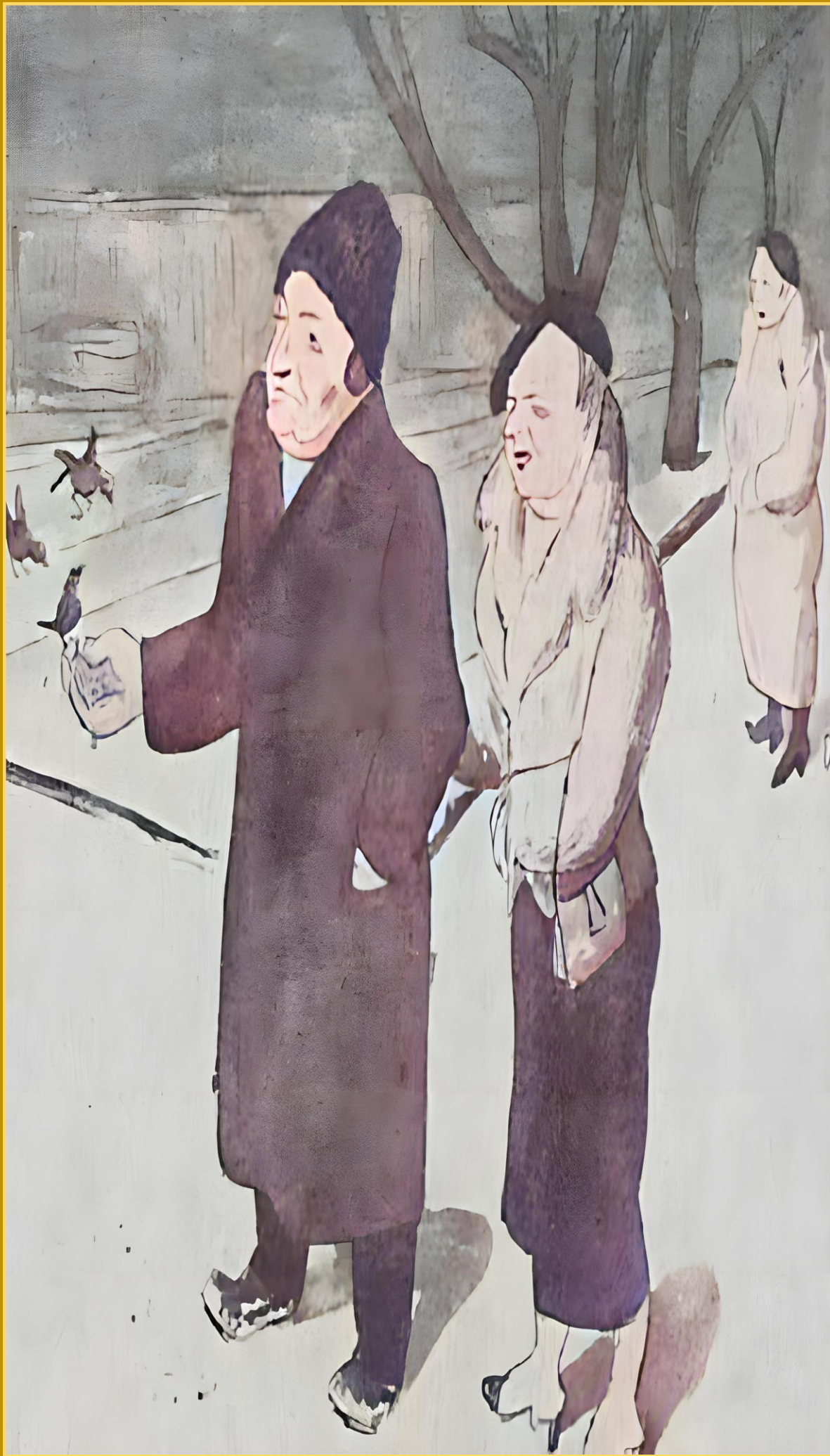




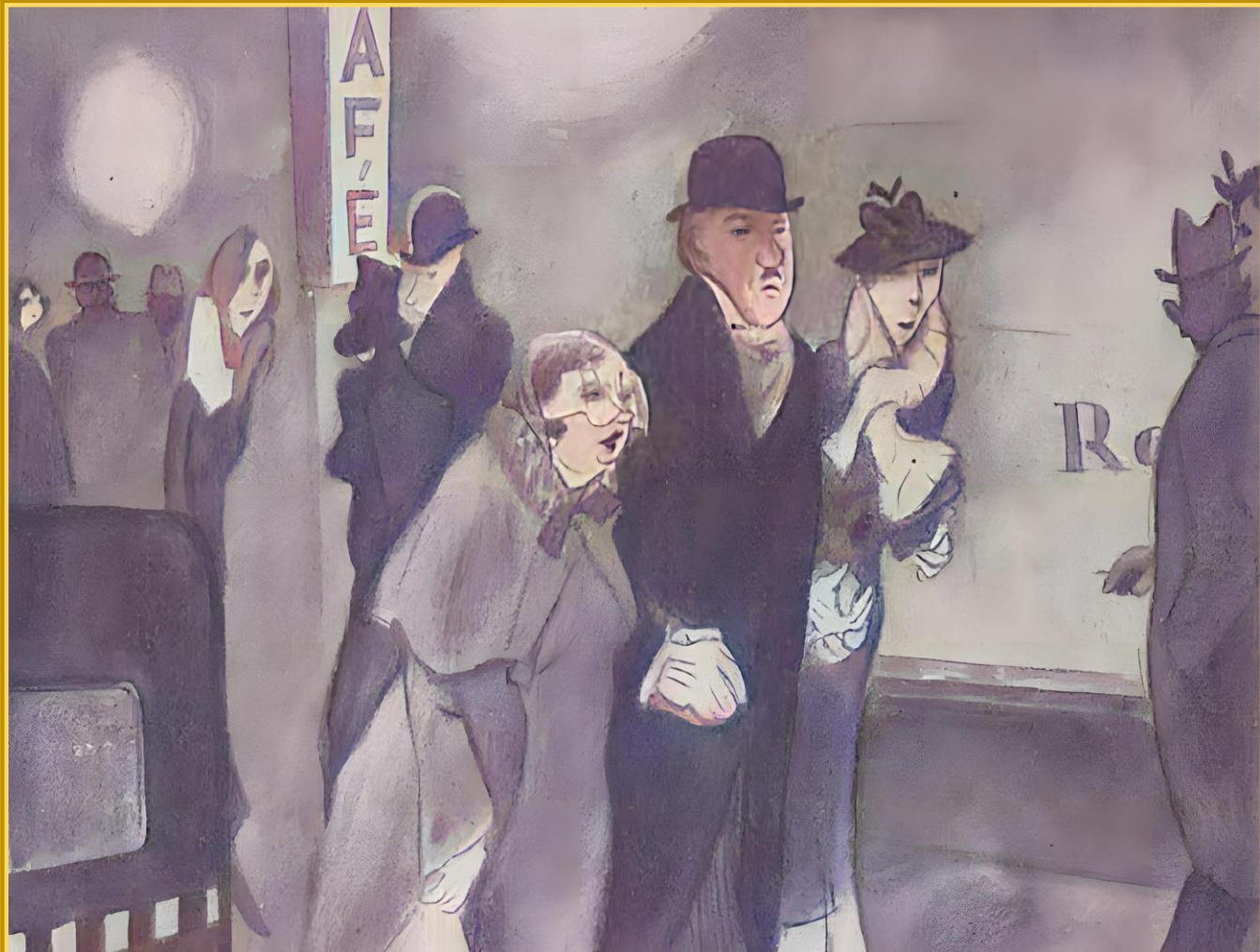




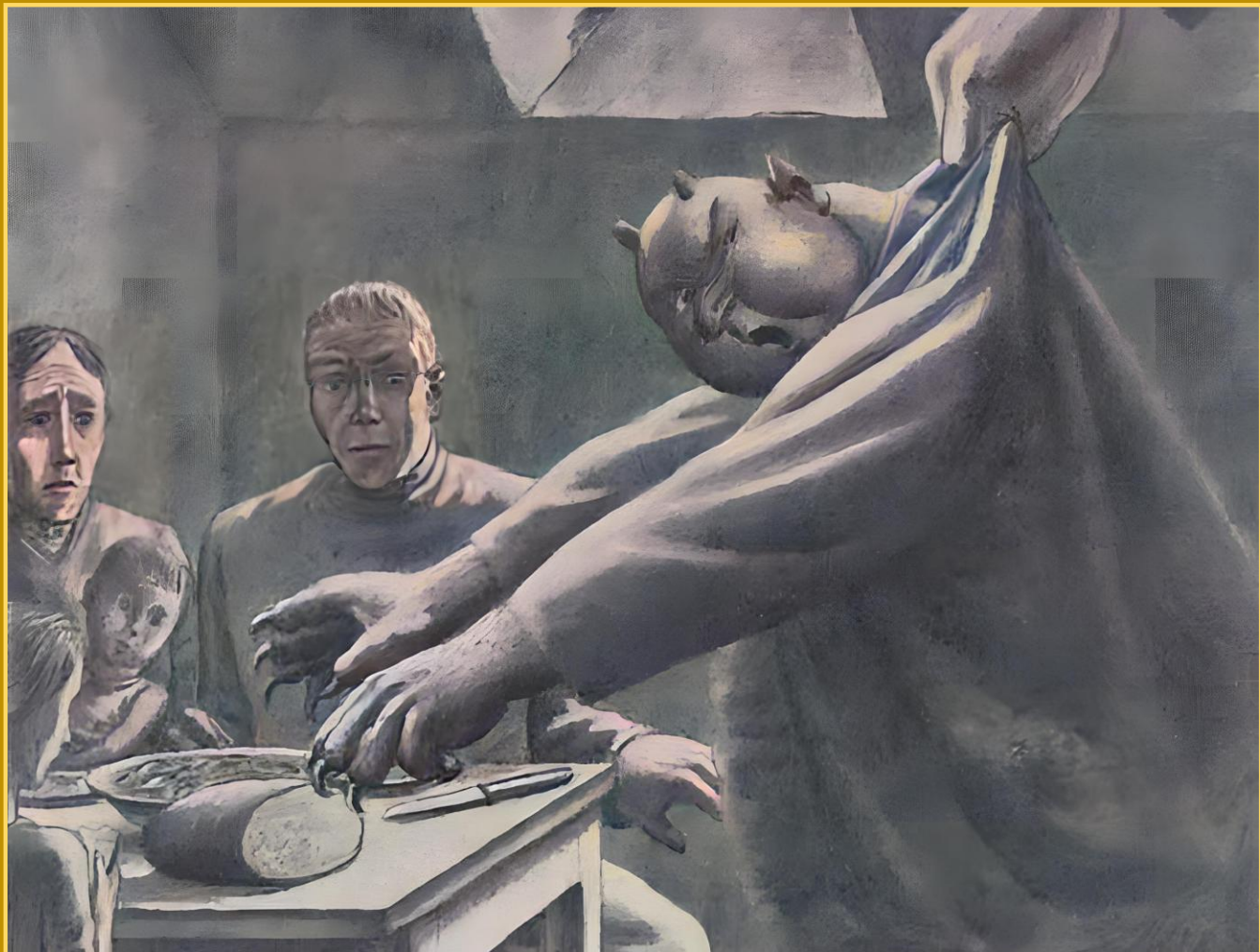
















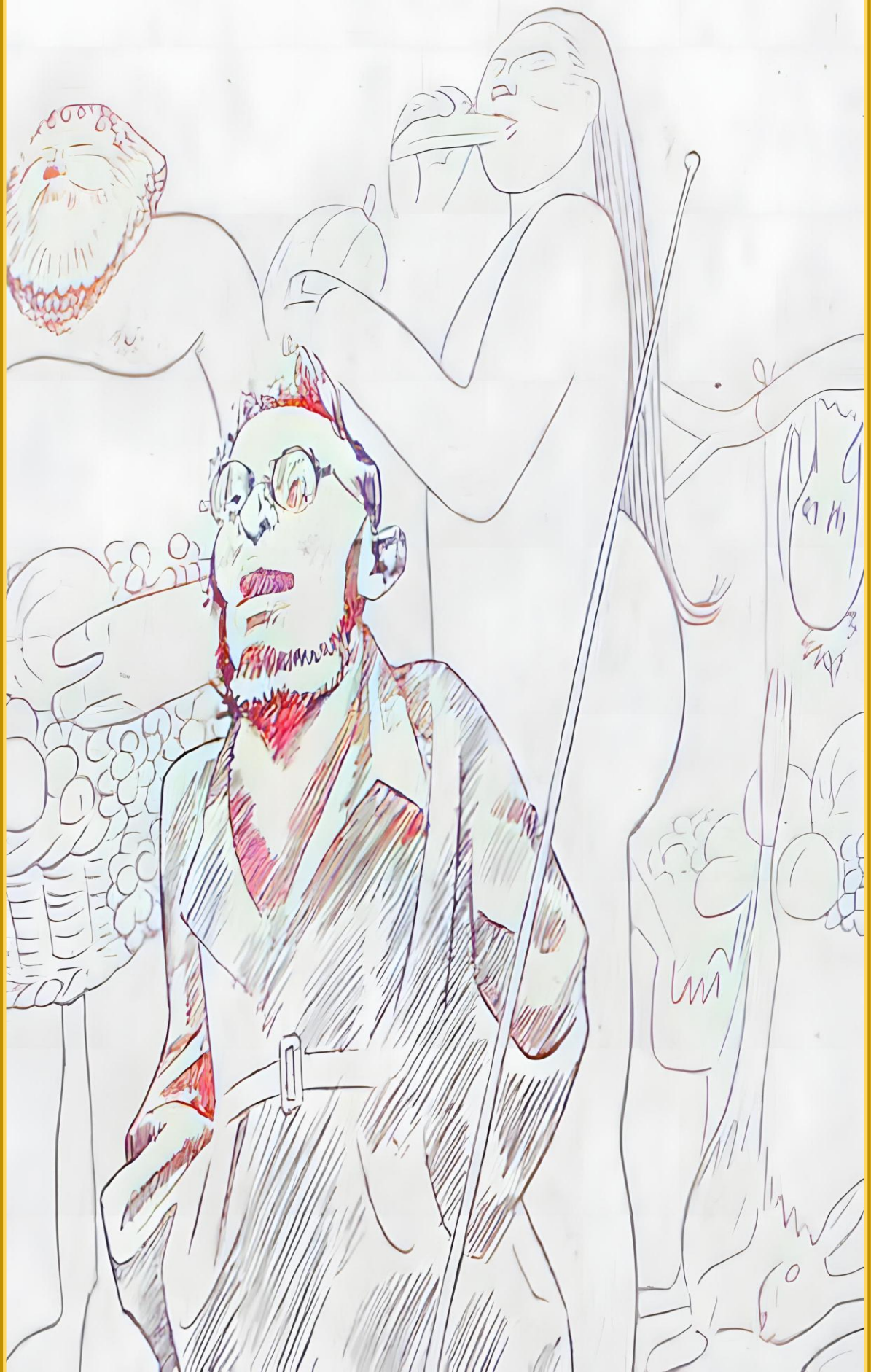




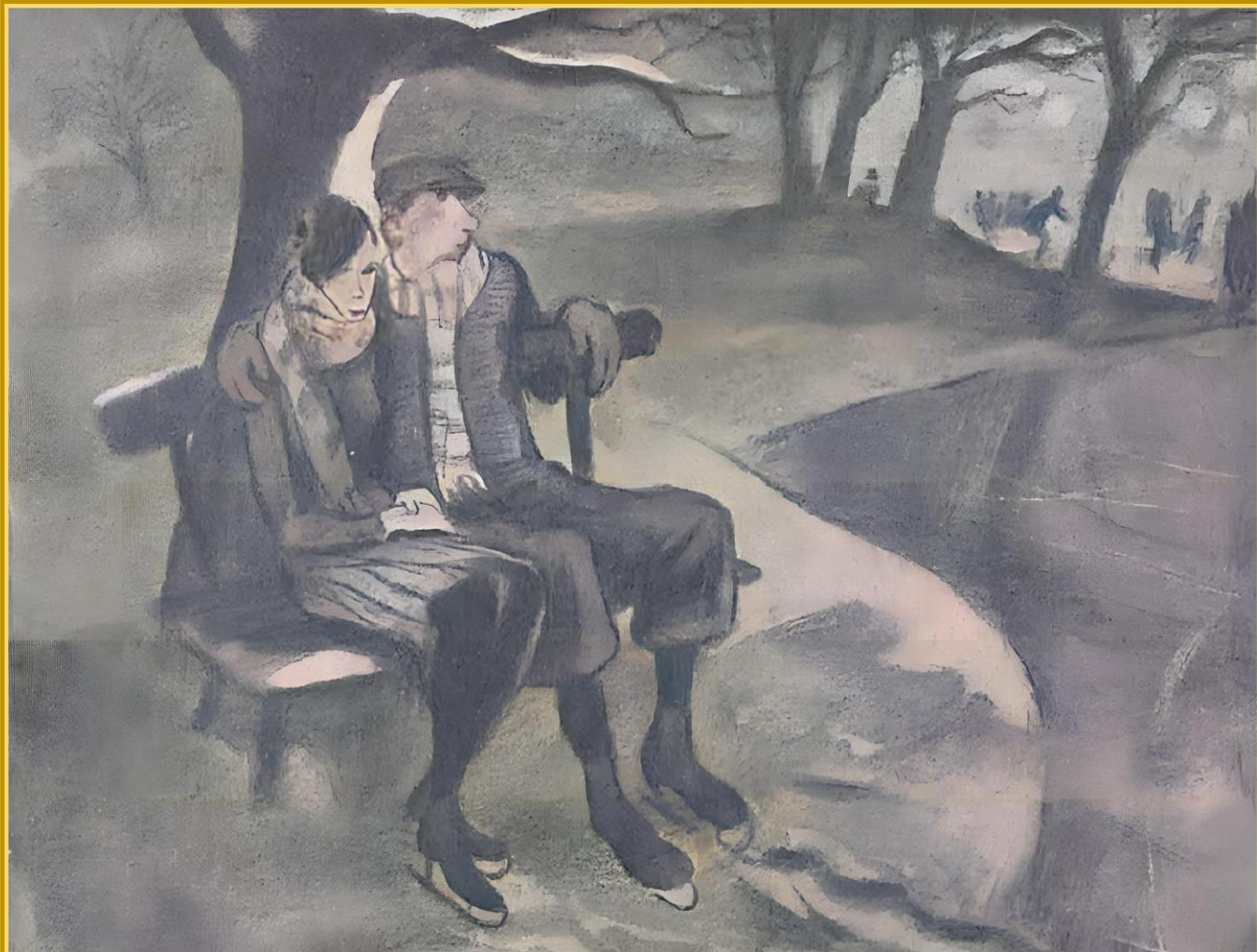




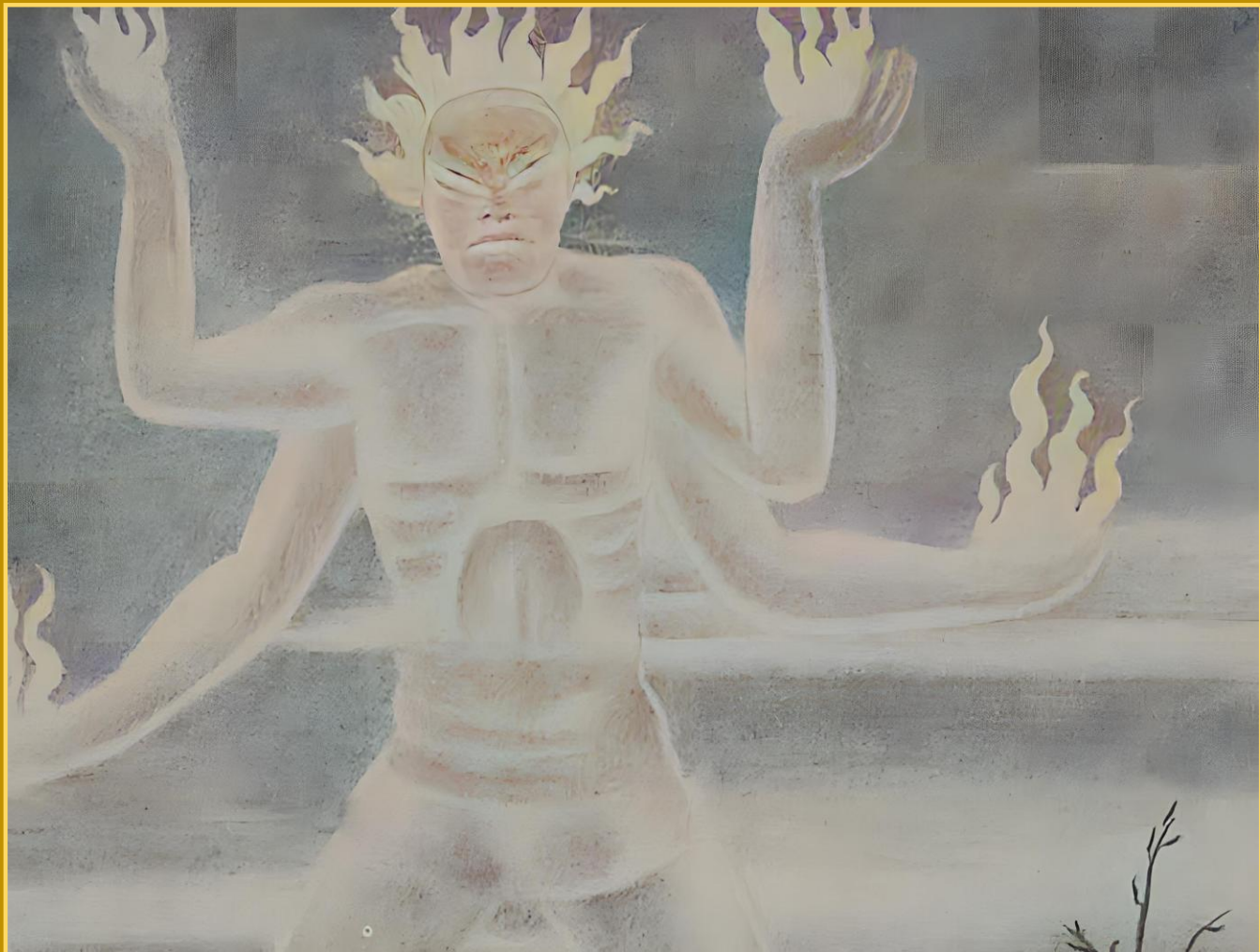




























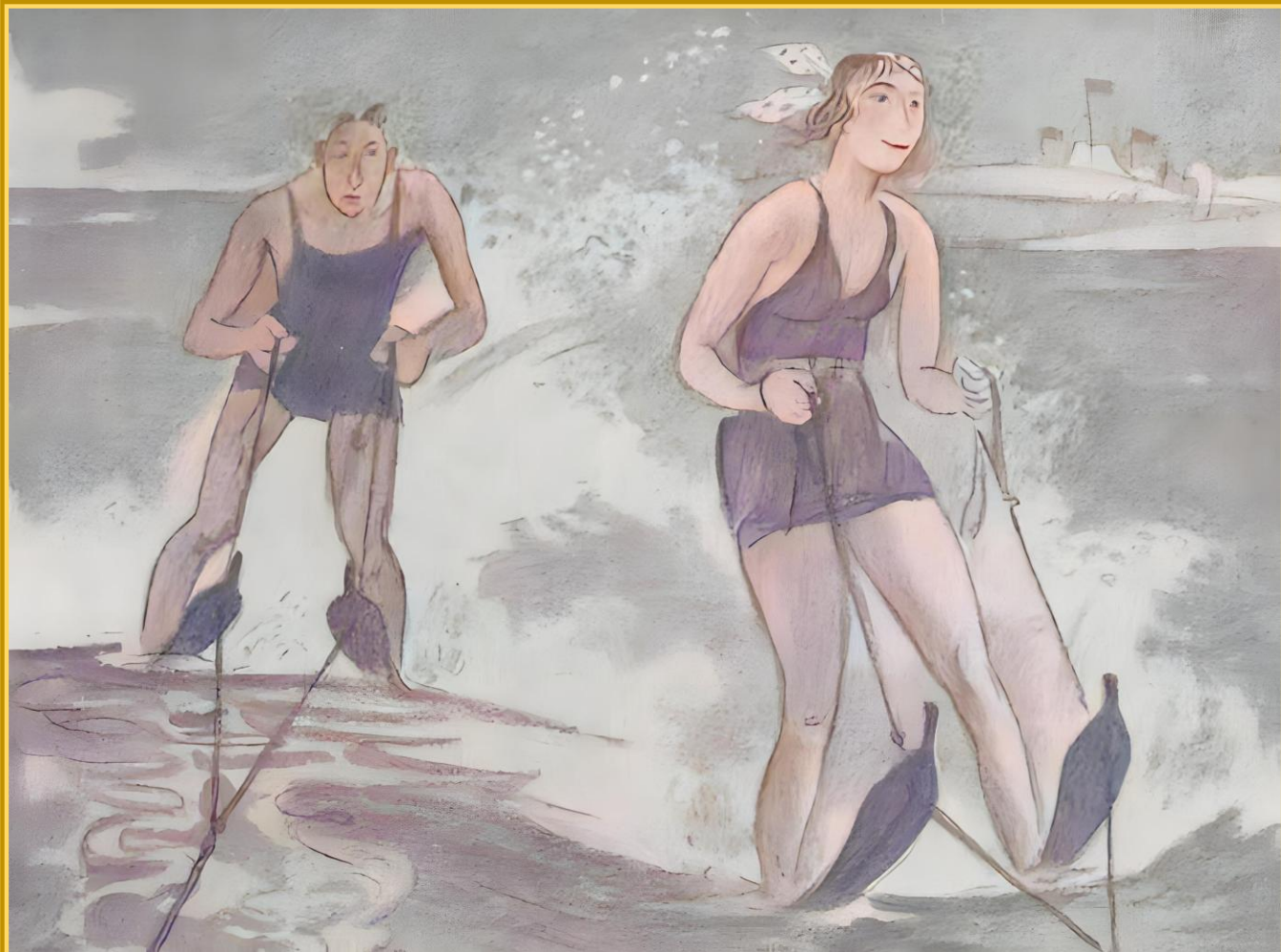
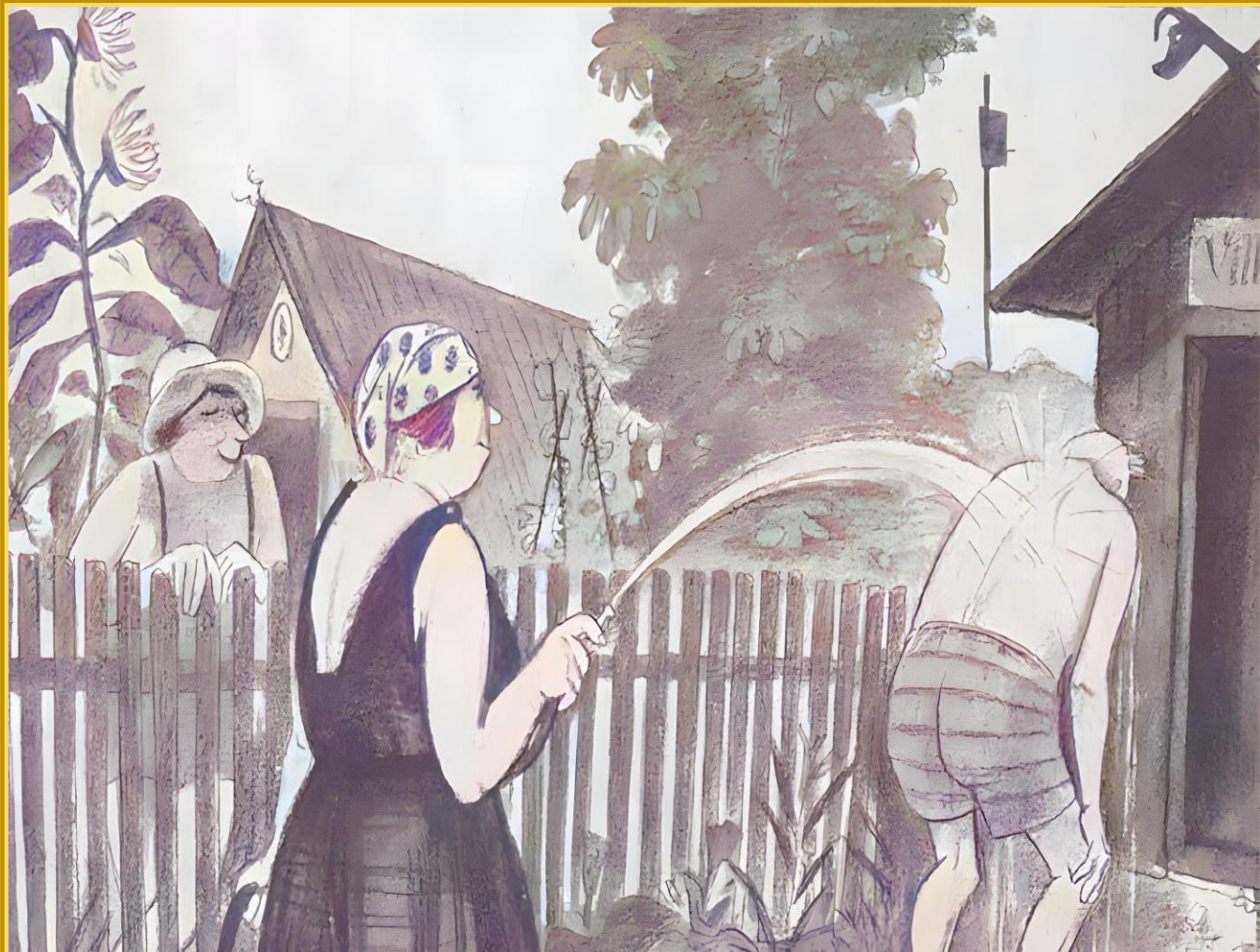
















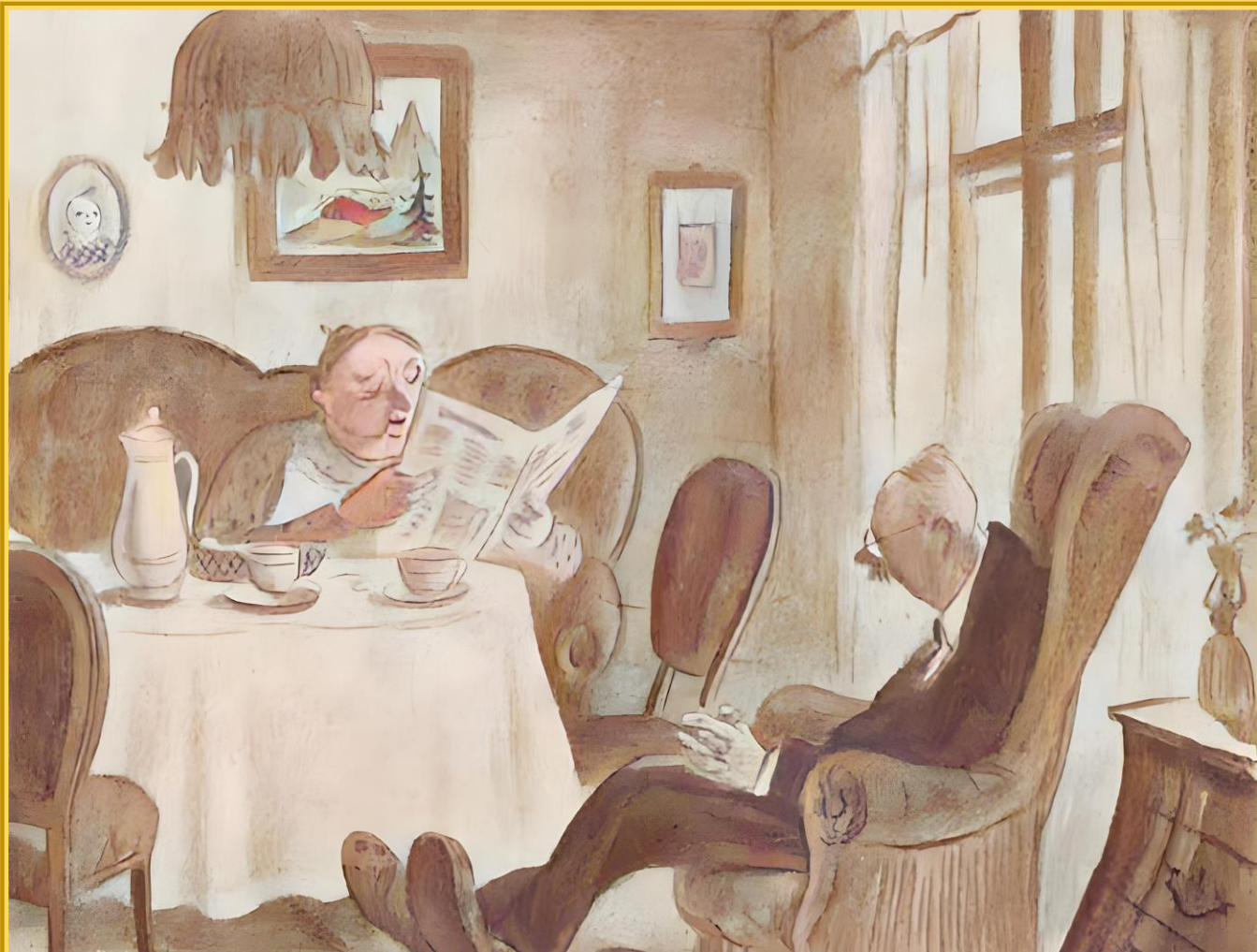




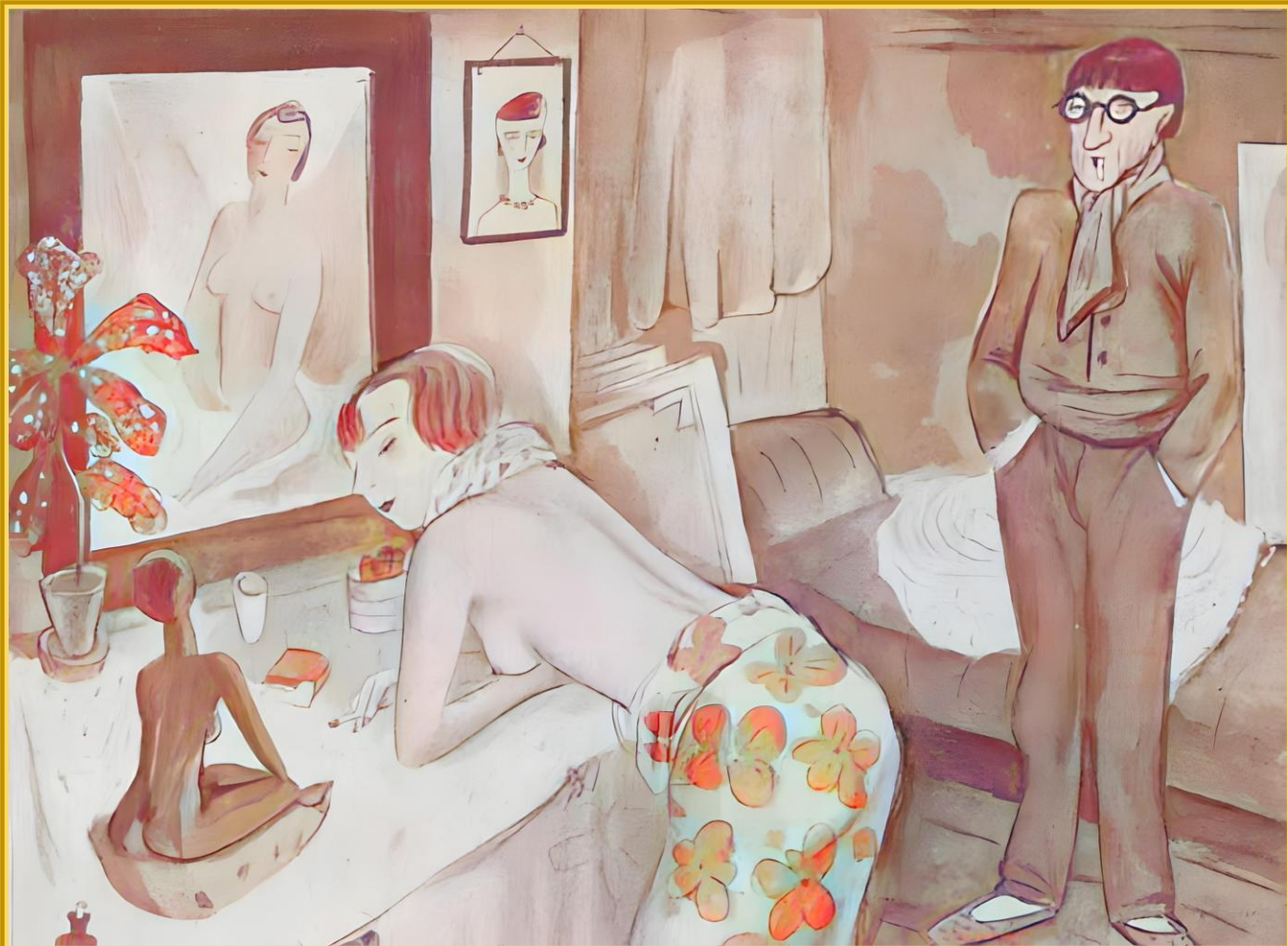
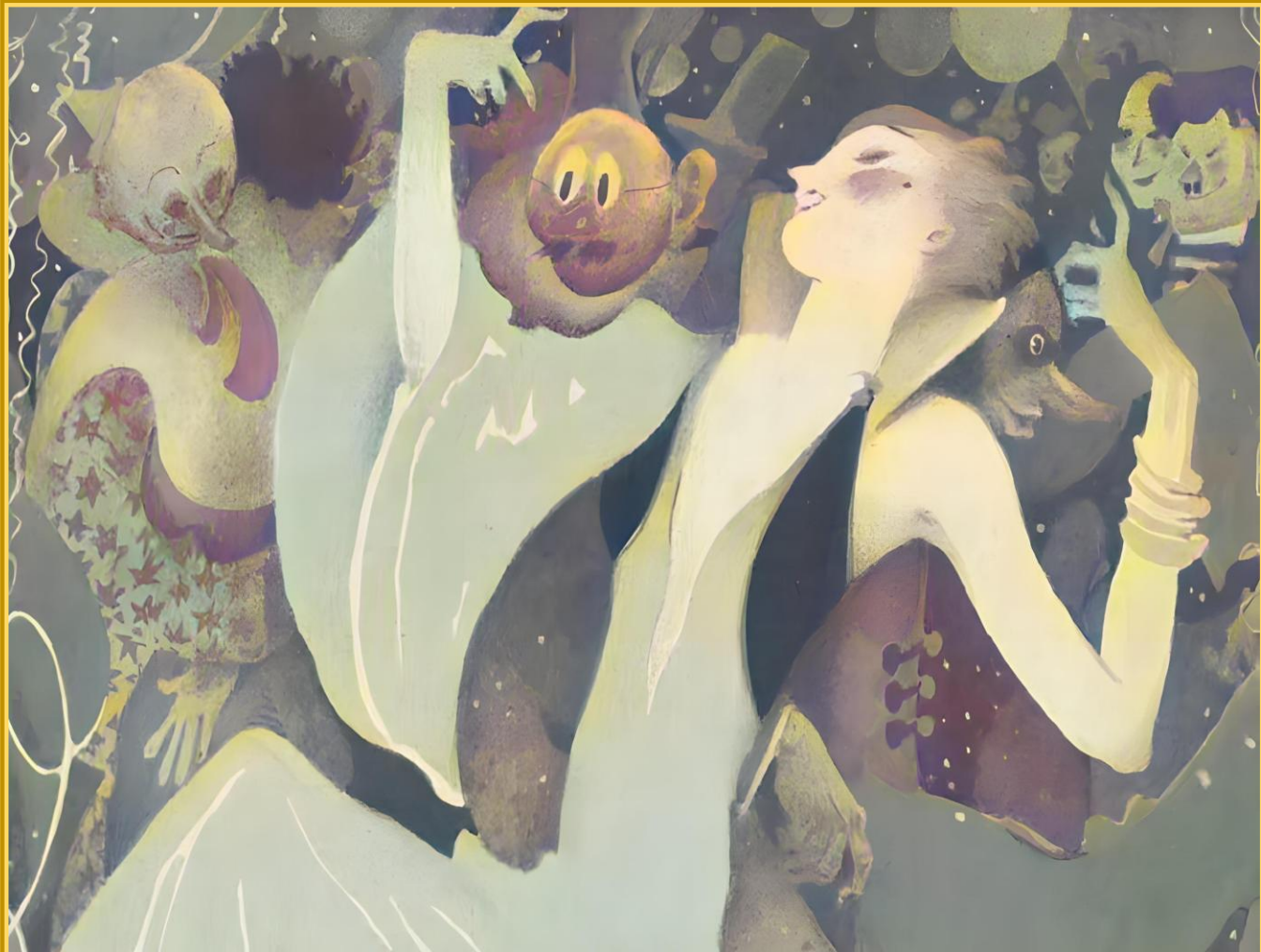




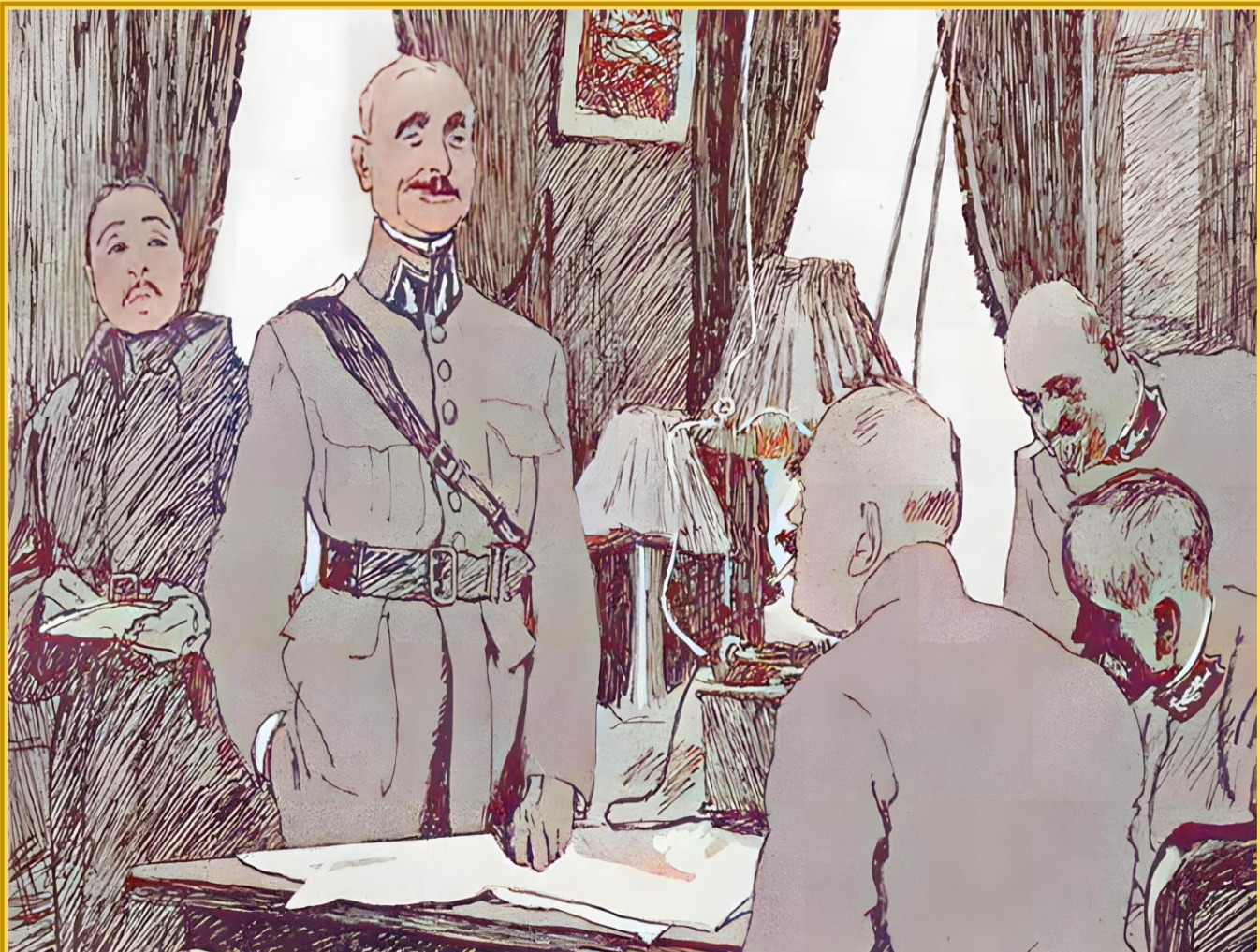
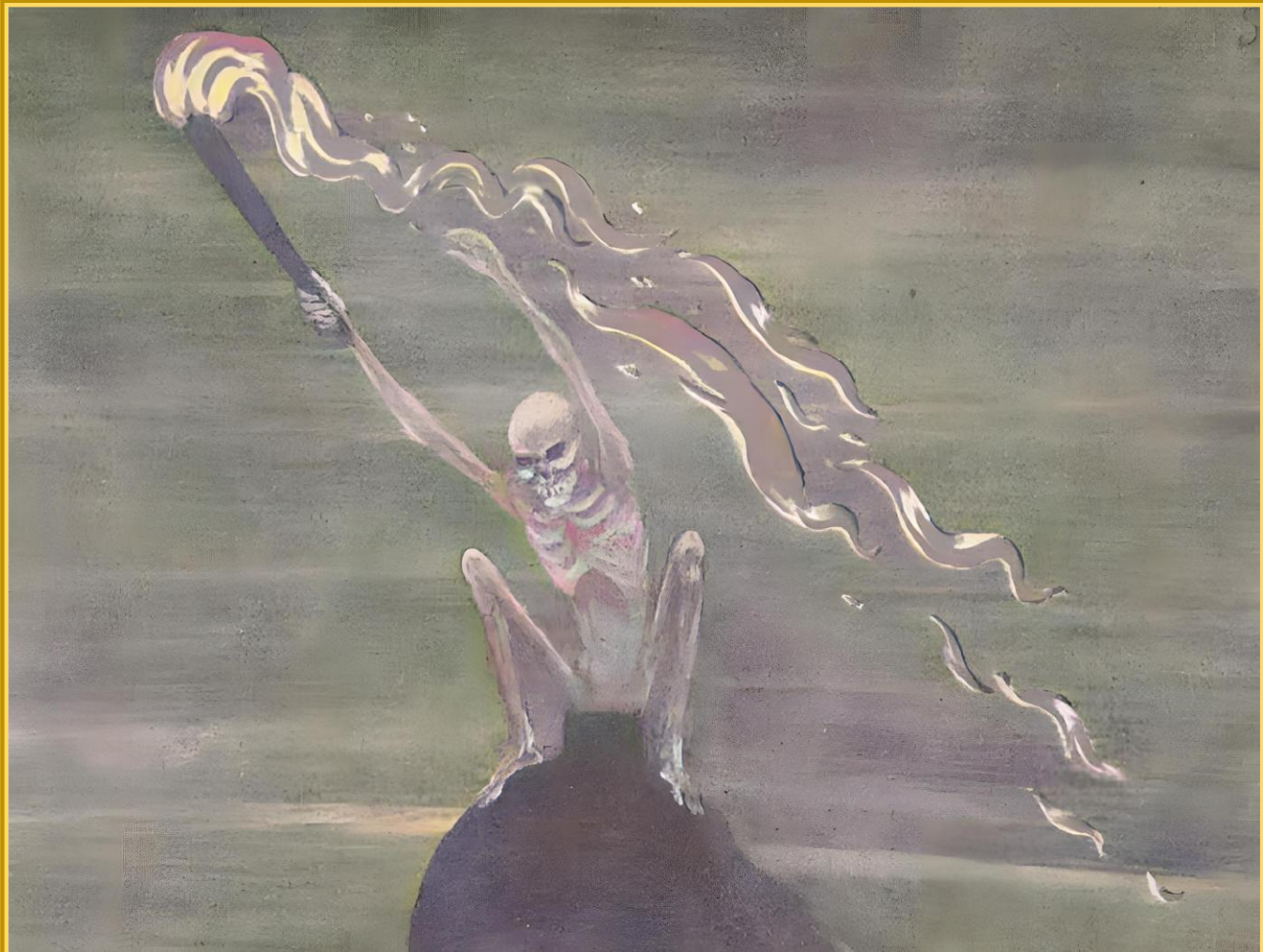
















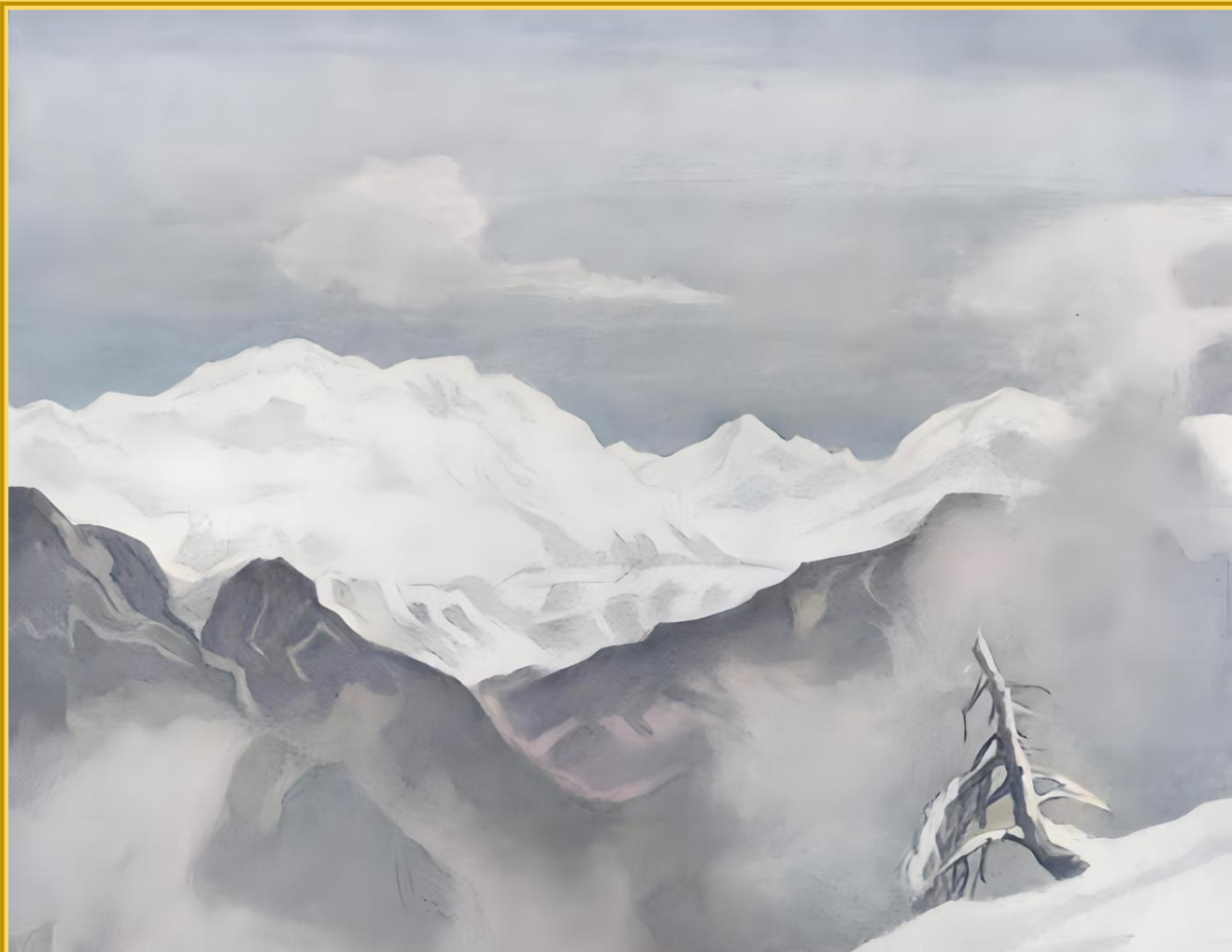
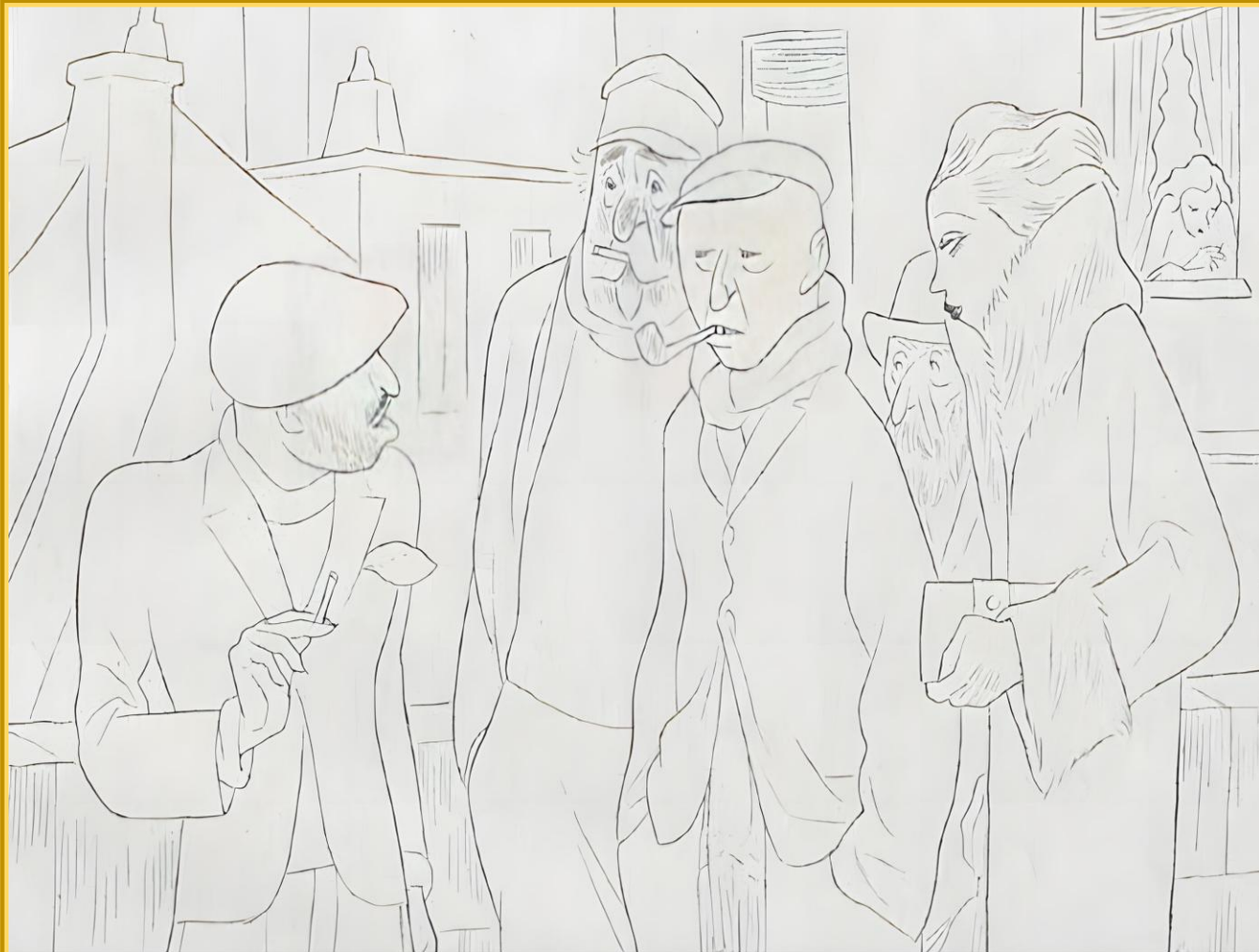
















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OUT AMONGST THE LAST GENERATION

# **THE DAY BEFORE GODZILLA DESTROYED TOKYO**



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OLD UNCLE ALBERT'S  
SNAPSHOTS FROM ATLANTIS



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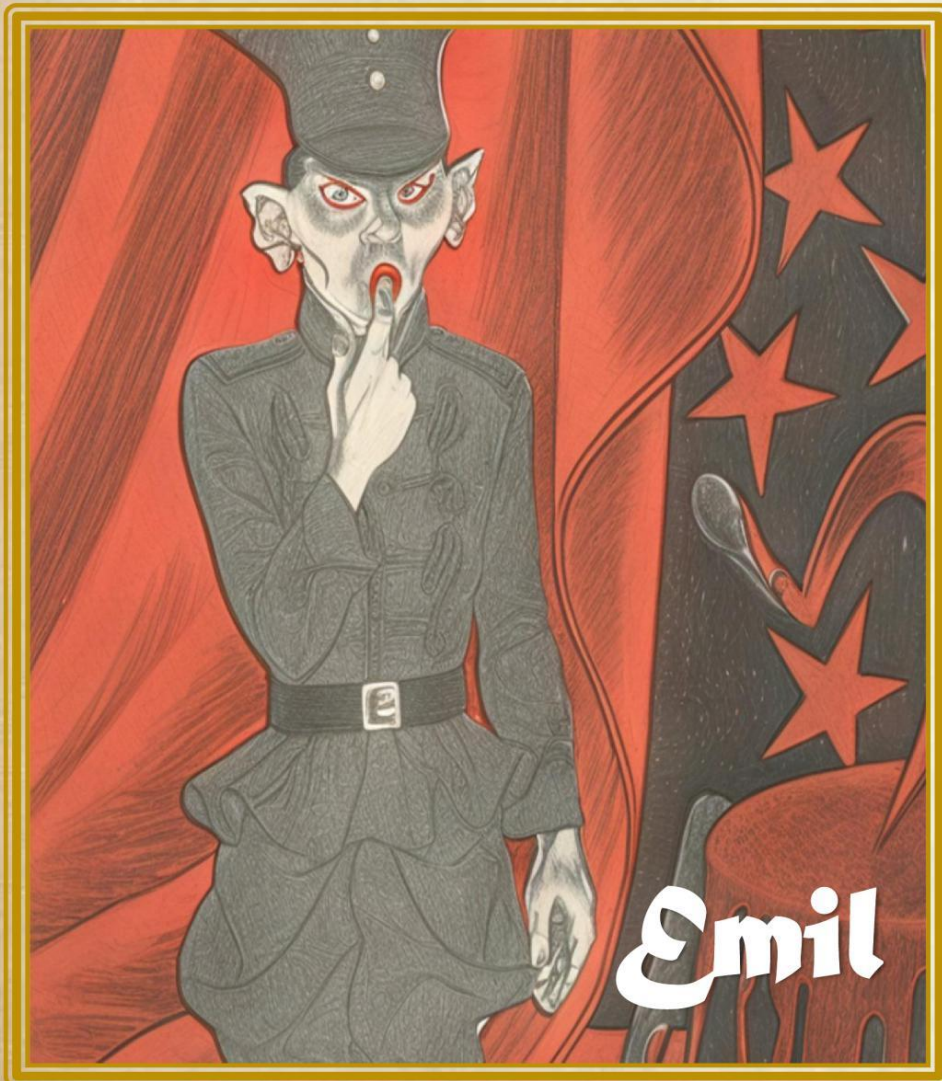
YOU HAD TO BE THERE



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TRUTH RESIDES**



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